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The Shape of Things

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TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND WPA WORKERS will receive a dreaded pink slip this week if the action of the House in cutting the President's emergency-relief appropriation from $150,000,000 to $100,000,000 is not countermanded by the Senate. The issue before the Senate is only in part humanitarian. Most of the dropped workers will probably be reinstated on local relief rolls. They will exist somehow, as hundreds of thousands of others who are unemployed but not on the WPA rolls are now existing. But the effect on recovery will be direct and immediate. Total relief payments will not even approximate the amount which has been paid in WPA wages. The country suffered a demonstration of the effect of a cut in mass purchasing power in 1937. The situation is no different today. A reduction of some $16,000,000 in the monthly spending of the lowest income group is bound to be felt as a brake on recovery. We agree with the economy bloc in Congress that the WPA should not be a permanent institution, but it must not be tampered with until more effective recovery measures are adopted.

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THE GREATEST SINGLE PUBLIC IMPROVEMENT of our time has obtained the clean bill of health it deserved in the majority report of the Congressional committee that has been investigating the Tennessee Valley Authority for the past year. Charges of dishonesty brought by the former chairman, Arthur W. Morgan, against his two associates, David E. Lilienthal and Harcourt Morgan, are found to be "without foundation, not supported by the evidence, and made without due consideration of the available facts." The ex-chairman himself had so to limit as virtually to disavow his own charges before the committee. The TVA is declared a fair yardstick by the report. Though the committee finds TVA accounting methods before 1938 "extremely unsatisfactory," it censures as baseless most of the criticism made by the government accounting office. The committee finds that litigation by private companies against the TVA has hampered its activities, blocking more than $7,000,000 in rate savings to consumers. It praises the flood-control

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and navigation work done by the Authority. One Republican, Senator Frazier, joined with the majority, while three Republicans dissented. The dissenters are "Puddler Jim" Davis of Pennsylvania, Representative Jenkins of Ohio, and Representative Wolverton of New Jersey. The last-named has certainly not alienated the affections of the powerful Public Service Corporation of New Jersey by acting as mouthpiece for the utility attack on the TVA.

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NEW YORK'S NEWSPAPERS LAST WEEK KEPT apart two stories that the callowest Pulitzer School freshman would have joined. In the general news section it was reported that a federal grand jury had indicted five men, one of them—as careful readers could find out—a lawyer for Paine, Webber and Company. In the financial pages appeared the announcement that the Stock Exchange had suspended two ranking Paine, Webber partners. The indictments were for a particularly blatant method of using other people's money to gain possession of valuable corporate assets; the indicted men took securities out of the portfolios of several investment trusts and borrowed enough money on the securities to buy control of the trusts. The Stock Exchange suspensions revealed, as did the Whitney case, the existence of a happy-go-lucky spirit in the banking business. The old-fashioned banker who checked a would-be borrower all the way back to his maternal grandfather's Dun and Bradstreet rating seems rapidly becoming a figure of the past. The looters borrowed from Paine, Webber in three of their deals. Stephen Paine was suspended by the Exchange for three years for failing to make all the inquiries he should have made in the case of these three loans; Frank R. Hope, the only Paine, Webber partner who is also a member of the Exchange, was suspended for six months for his lack of sufficient curiosity in respect to one of the loans. Some piquancy is lent the affair by the fact that Mr. Hope was a governor of the Exchange and a member of the Business Conduct Committee at the time the scandal broke last spring; he was chairman of the board of administrators of the Stock Exchange NRA code in the Blue Eagle era, and as president of the Association of Stock Exchange Firms he was one of the leaders in the fight against government regulation of the Exchange. Those indicted are all small fry.

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THE LAFOLLETTE COMMITTEE'S LAST REPORT exposes a kind of gangsterism which isn't bred by the slums. Its practitioners are church-going industrialists who graduated from the right colleges, belong to the right clubs, and from 1933 to 1937 alone spent $550,000 on tear and sickening gas to be administered to their employees. They also spent lavishly on weapons ranging from machine-guns to blackjacks, and almost invariably the purchases were made on the eve of a strike. In most instances industry hired its own private armies to do the dirty work; in some—San Francisco was a grim example—industry merely furnished the weapons and "law-enforcement" agencies furnished the marksmen. With the advances of unionism under the New Deal, the tendency of industrialists to substitute guns for butter became acute; the results of this private armament program are the tombstones of slain workers scattered throughout the country, whose case histories are unfolded in the committee's newest report. Industry, of course, has always protested that its arsenals are loaded as a "defense" measure. Defense against what? In the four years under scrutiny, when unions were being incessantly blamed for "violence," not a single instance of munitions purchases by a labor union is on record. Senators La Follette and Thomas have now introduced a bill which would outlaw labor spies, strike-breakers, and strike-breaking agencies, limit private guards to company territory, and ban the possession of industrial munitions. Its provisions stem directly from the committee's four exhaustive reports, which constitute a guidebook to the shadowy underworld of industry. These reports represent a monumental effort. But without prompt and drastic legislation they may be no more than a footnote to the decline of democracy.

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EVIDENCE THAT JAPAN HAS DEFINITELY decided to turn south instead of north accumulated with surprising rapidity during the past week. Conveniently forgetting all its brave talk of using armed force to regain its former fishing rights in Soviet waters, Japan has meekly signed a new fisheries agreement on Soviet terms. The new agreement not only provides for a withdrawal of six fishing lots for strategic reasons, thus establishing the principle of Soviet control over the lots, but imposes a 10 per cent increase in rent for the use of the remaining lots. To compensate for the defeat suffered in the long-standing dispute with the Soviet Union, the Japanese government extended its sphere of conquest in the south by seizing the French Spratly Islands. Commercially, the Spratly Islands have little or no value, but strategically they may prove of immense importance. They are only 640 miles from Singapore, 700 miles from Manila, and 350 miles from the rich Sarawak oil fields. Together with Hainan, seized only a few weeks ago, they provide ideal submarine and air bases for operation against French, British, Dutch, and American possessions. The decision of the Japanese government to drive southward against the possessions of the democracies rather than risk a conflict with Soviet Russia was also reflected in Premier Hiranuma's formal rejection of Hitler's scheme to transform the anti-Comintern pact into a military alliance. Japan has no desire to be involved in Europe's quarrels. Instead it is taking advantage of each new European crisis, as Eliot Janeway pointed out in one of his recent articles in *The Nation,* to seize some new strategic position along the trade routes of the democracies.

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BELGIUM DID ITS BIT TOWARD STEMMING the fascist tide last Sunday by administering a decisive setback to Léon Degrelle's Rexist Party. Although Degrelle himself was reelected, his party lost seventeen of its twenty-one seats in the Chamber and seven of its twelve seats in the Senate. Even in Malmedy and Eupen, the districts taken from Germany at the end of the war, Belgian candidates defeated those running on a pro-German ticket. As a penalty for having nominated the pro-German Dr. Maertens to the Flemish Medical Academy—in a misguided gesture of conciliation—Premier Spaak's Socialists also suffered severe losses, placing the country in the hands of the conservative Liberal and Catholic parties. In domestic affairs Belgium may face a stormy time during the next few months, but the specter of Nazi intervention seems definitely to have been laid. In that respect it is perhaps the most fortunate of Germany's neighbors.

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THE MEDICAL POLITICIANS ARE TURNING their usual trade-war tactics against the refugee physician. *Medical Economics,* using the old device of raising a menace, carried an article in a recent issue headed Refugees Unlimited. Since this magazine goes to thousands upon thousands of doctors, it may be counted on to arouse feeling against refugee doctors from one end of the country to the other. Yet the truth is, according to no less jealous a source than the American Medical Association, that less than two thousand refugee physicians are now in the country. As for the A. M. A., it is showing its usual dog-in-the-manger attitude. Its House of Delegates has recommended to state boards of medical registration that citizenship be the requirement for license to practice. That rule already applies in thirty states. The A. M. A. recommendation will undoubtedly hasten the trend in that direction, with the result that refugee physicians will to a large extent be denied the privilege of settling in those outlying communities where they might be most profitably placed. Finally, the *Journal* of the A. M. A., in the face of its recommendation to state boards, complains that most refugee physicians are concentrating in large cities already overcrowded with doctors. It has become notorious that one-third of our population receives inadequate medical care or none at all. At the same time many excellent foreign physicians as well as innumerable American doctors are suffering from a lack of patients. *Time* reports that last month a radio station in Omaha interviewed a young physician looking for a place to settle. When the announcer asked the audience to send in names of towns which needed doctors he got requests from sixty-four towns in seven Midwestern states. Both the refugees and the several committees formed to aid them are aware of the disadvantage of concentrating refugees in the large centers, especially in New York City. The studied sabotage of the A. M. A. is calculated to increase the difficulties.

The Turn of the Worm?

AT LONG last the British government appears to have realized that "peace is indivisible"; that appeasement in the west cannot be secured by condoning aggression in the east. Last Friday, following reports of troop concentrations and the opening of a Nazi propaganda barrage against Poland, Mr. Chamberlain gave a definite pledge of support to Poland "in the event of any action which clearly threatened Polish independence."

Nor has Mr. Chamberlain stopped at this. On Monday he reiterated his pledge to Poland and foreshadowed similar undertakings in respect of other countries subject to Nazi threats. Moreover, he gave a direct invitation to Russia to join a new *cordon sanitaire.* If in spite of these strong words, the world still remains a little skeptical, Mr. Chamberlain has only himself to blame. Too often in the past eight years strong words by British statesmen have led directly to surrender. In the present case suspicions were almost immediately aroused by the gloss placed on Mr. Chamberlain's statement by the London *Times,* which said it did not "bind Britain to defend every inch of the present frontiers of Poland." Coming from such a source this appeared almost like an invitation to Germany to demand Danzig, if not the Corridor. But if Poland, already semi-surrounded by Germany, were deprived of access to the sea, what would pledges to defend its independence be worth?

Fortunately the *Times's* attempt to weaken the British stand has been repudiated by the Foreign Office and, what is more important, by public opinion in Britain. The latter, slowly and inarticulately, seems to have arrived at definite conclusions about Hitler's Germany, conclusions which are likely to be held tenaciously. It has realized that Britain has far more than a moral interest in checking the spread of German domination. It has grasped the Hitlerian technique of biting off one country after another in the east so that Germany's strategic and economic position may be fortified for an attack on the west. Finally, and this is perhaps most significant of all, it is "fed up" with a diet of threats and bluster.

It is the stiffening of British opinion which affords the best hope that Mr. Chamberlain will not attempt another Munich. As our correspondent, Aylmer Vallance, reports on another page, he was all ready to accept even the rape of Prague with no more than a sigh. It was the gale of public indignation that suddenly arose which swept him into the belligerency of his Birmingham speech, when he first denounced Hitler's treachery. We suspect that wind will have to maintain its force at his back if he is not again to succumb to dictatorial blusterings.

But for the time being, at least, the initiative in Europe has passed to the Western democracies. Hitler's speech at

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Wilhelmshaven was an uneasy performance. It contained a threat of repudiation of the naval treaty with Britain, a vague warning against the creation of "satellite states," and a complaint of encirclement. It also suggested uncertainty about the next Nazi move. Can Germany afford to slow down? Or is this the moment for the supreme gamble? Partner Mussolini seems to have developed caution. British support for Polish resistance to German demands places him in an awkward corner, especially as he has so often professed his friendship for Poland. The news made him cut short his speaking tour in southern Italy, in the course of which he had responded to French firmness by gradually but perceptibly moderating the urgency of his demands on Paris.

The events of the past week have, in short, abundantly proved that as fascist aggression thrives on appeasement, so it shrivels when confronted by firmness. If the new temper of the Western democracies can be maintained, the march to Prague may yet prove as momentous as Napoleon's march to Moscow.

The Neutrality Hearings

AFTER weeks of procrastination and evasion of the basic problems of foreign policy, the Senate opens hearings this week on proposed revisions of the Neutrality Act. Since the cash-and-carry provisions of the act expire on May 1, the probability is that the hearings will be brief and that action will be taken without the careful study that the matter deserves. Even the most vigorous proponents of the present Neutrality Act are unhappy at the way it has worked in practice. Senator Nye has repeatedly advocated its suspension in the one situation in which it has been invoked—that of Spain. Isolationist arguments for applying the act in the Far Eastern conflict have steadily declined in vigor and conviction. As the threat of war in Europe grows, it becomes daily more evident that here too the potential aggressor derives distinct encouragement from the act as it now stands. Instead of insulating the United States from war, our so-called neutrality policy has contributed in no small measure to the growing anarchy that can only end in war.

The Senate committee will have five separate proposals before it, representing at least four distinct approaches to the problem. Perhaps the one deserving the most attention is S. J. Resolution 97, introduced by Senator Pittman, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. The Pittman bill is not designed primarily "to keep America out of war," nor is it in any sense an instrument of collective security. It is a thoroughly opportunistic measure, placing all trade with belligerents on a cash-and-carry basis. If adopted, it would work against the interest of Germany and Italy and for Great Britain in a general European war. Since it would permit the shipment of munitions and aircraft, as well as raw materials, to countries in command of the seas, its passage might have a moderating influence on Hitler in the present crisis. But it does not provide any brake on aggression or treaty violation as such. On the contrary, it would definitely work to Japan's advantage in the Far East. For it imposes no restriction on Japanese purchases in this country—already made with cash and shipped in Japanese vessels. China, on the other hand, would be adversely affected.

Far more satisfactory from the standpoint of checking aggression is the amendment introduced by Senator Thomas of Utah (S. J. Resolution 67). This would restrict the export of secondary war materials to belligerents as well as the sale of "arms and the implements of war." And it would permit the President to lift the embargo against the victim of aggression provided his decision met with the approval of Congress.

The remaining proposals range from Senator Nye's bill to outlaw all shipments of arms, even in time of peace, to the King and Lewis bills for outright repeal of the Neutrality Act. If we are to judge by past experience none of the plans thus far suggested will be adopted in entirety. The act which finally comes out of the mill may be a compromise embodying features of several of the plans, or it may incorporate radically new features. Passage of the Pittman bill, for example, does not preclude special action for an embargo on trade with Japan. But this much is clear. Unless some unequivocal provision can be inserted distinguishing between an aggressor and his victim, the Neutrality Act had best be repealed altogether. In our opinion nothing could be more dangerous than the constant revision of the act in an effort to anticipate the line-up of forces in the next conflict. We cannot thus chart the future. Such a policy is certainly not "neutrality," and it can scarcely provide protection against our becoming involved in war. Far better that we wipe the slate clean and then take such action as is necessary to prevent our being actively enrolled as a partner in the aggressions now taking place in the world. In the Far East, for example, our duty is clear. Let us act to stop our disgraceful help to Japan. This would in no sense commit us to any specific course in the event of war in Europe. But it would serve as a warning to potential aggressors that they could not count on waging war on the resources of the United States.

11,000,000 Bales

THE perennial problem of cotton is again troubling Washington. Hanging over the market are some 11,000,000 bales on which government loans have been granted. The amount which the government will loan —about 8 cents a pound—provides a peg for prices but hinders our exports, which must compete in world

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markets against cheaper growths. In the past seven months our shipments of cotton have been 42 per cent less in quantity than in the corresponding period of 1937-38. For the whole of the current year they are expected to total 3,500,000 bales—about half our "normal" share of the world's markets.

Two plans to diminish the surplus of cotton are now under consideration. The President has suggested a payment of $1.25 a bale to producers who release loan cotton to the market. The exporter of such cotton would receive further moderate payment. In other words, an export subsidy is proposed in an attempt to stimulate consumption abroad. But since this would give a competitive advantage to foreign manufacturers, the President suggests we should also give our textile industry a subsidy on its exports, plus further protection against invasion of the home market by goods derived from the cotton dumped abroad—a horrible example of the way subsidies breed subsidies.

A group of Southern Senators headed by Senator Ellison D. Smith has an opposition scheme. They wish to redistribute 3,000,000 bales of loan cotton to the producers at the rate of 3 cents a pound in return for further acreage reductions in this year's crop. The resulting profits for the growers would amount to the difference between 3 cents and the market price after the scheme went into effect. In addition, Senator Smith wants a subsidy of up to 3 cents a pound on cotton grown on the reduced acreage allotments. His plan is more costly than that of the President but it would avoid subsidies to manufacturers and reduce further this year's crop.

Neither plan, however, seems to us to go to the root of the cotton problem. Both are examples of the improvisation characteristic of farm legislation since the depression began. If when the cotton market first slumped in 1930 laisser faire methods had been adopted, prices would have dropped still more disastrously, millions of acres would have gone out of production. But huge surpluses would not have been created, and, eventually, low prices would have stimulated consumption and brought about recovery. Nevertheless, no government could have adopted such a cold-blooded solution, for while economic forces worked toward equilibrium millions would have starved.

No one, in fact, dare claim that the government should not have intervened in this situation. But there can be legitimate criticism of failure to provide humane remedies for the deep-seated ills which laisser faire would have cured by brutal surgery. On the assumption that there were price and production norms which could be reattained if cotton were tided over an immediate crisis, temporary expedients were adopted which took no account of long-term trends. Even before 1930 cotton production was advancing in other countries, and the output of synthetic fibers was rising rapidly. Both these forms of competition to our South have been aggravated by the relatively high prices resulting from relief policies.

In essence our legislation has been directed toward cutting down cotton acreage in return for subsidies and toward price-pegging measures. But output has not been cut down proportionately, since planters have naturally concentrated on their best soil and intensified production. Moreover, subsidies kept in production marginal land which from the viewpoint of national efficiency might better have been abandoned. A wiser long-run policy would have been to subsidize men rather than crops. It would have meant letting prices slide to their economic level in the expectation that increased consumption, accompanied by a sharp fall in output, would fairly rapidly restore them to a point where the better plantations could operate profitably. Meanwhile the federal government should have undertaken to care for all those beaten by low prices. It should have used their labor and the money it has devoted to subsidies to reconstruct the South on a grand scale—by reforestation, land reclamation, the promotion of diversified farming and new industries. Such a policy would have been unpopular with the large planters, but in the end it might have proved cheaper. For now after nine years of tinkering, after a huge cash outlay, we still have low prices and an unmanageable surplus, while the South remains our Number one economic and social problem.

"Peace" in Spain

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

RECOGNITION

WAS the war in Spain an invasion or a civil struggle? Of course it was both. It was begun by Spanish aristocrats and army officers with the connivance and advice of Italy and Germany; it was carried through to victory for the rebels with the open aid of both fascist powers. Mussolini has publicly and often proclaimed the active role played by his Black Shirts, and now claims his share of credit for the victory. Hitler, who contributed more equipment than men and more technicians than soldiers, spoke as recently as last Saturday of the Nazi "volunteers" who did their "duty" in freeing Spain from "tyranny."

But the United States has steadfastly proceeded on the theory that the Spanish war was civil, not international. On that theory, the embargo against Spain was originally imposed. On that theory, Secretary Hull has announced the recognition of Franco and President Roosevelt the lifting of the embargo. On that theory, all three acts were correct and logical. Only the theory is wrong.

For the war ended partly in a victory for Franco and partly in a victory for Hitler and Mussolini; and it is their share of the triumph that affects the future of

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Europe's peace and of democracy in Europe and America. If the open boasts of the dictators were not sufficient to instruct President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull, the continued presence in Spain of their agents and victorious troops should have done so. And the withdrawal of those troops should have been the *minimum condition* precedent to recognition.

These facts are so incontrovertible that one is driven to ask: Why did the Administration, having waited two weeks after Britain and France had acted, suddenly recognize Franco? As recently as last Tuesday it was understood by newspapermen in Washington that no action would be taken until the President had returned from Warm Springs. As recently as last Saturday, the day the recognition of Franco was announced, certain persons close to both the State Department and the Spanish situation knew nothing about it. The official explanation is that when Ambassador de los Rios resigned and vacated the embassy, the old regime was formally acknowledged to be at an end and the new was naturally recognized. But I have reason to believe that the reverse was the case: de los Rios resigned when he did because he had learned that recognition was imminent and wished to avoid being ousted from the embassy by Franco's agent.

No explanation makes sense except the simple but disturbing one that we are continuing to the bitter end the policy of paralleling British and French action. It was rumored in Washington last week that American policy toward Spain would be geared to the new determination of Britain and France to "stop Hitler." Some observers innocently took this to imply continued refusal to recognize Franco. But they reckoned without their democacies. Chamberlain and Daladier—for all their belatedly bold stand in Eastern Europe—are still pursuing the old tactics in Spain. They are trying to buy Franco away from Mussolini and Hitler, just as they are trying to buy Mussolini away from Hitler. Prompt American recognition of Franco was what fitted into the plans emerging from Paris and London.

REPRISALS

So the United States comes paralleling along. One or two half-hearted apologists have suggested that recognition may have been accompanied by some sort of *sub rosa* effort to secure the freedom of Loyalist leaders doomed to extermination in Spain. We believe that such an effort was made, or at least that the State Department suggested to Britain and France that they might well protect merchant vessels carrying refugees from the Spanish ports to which they flocked when Franco's victory became certain. But if this was done, the results are not evident. No convoys have been provided. No escapes have been reported. In Valencia and other southern ports thousands of desperate Spanish loyalists were trapped on the very docks. In the early days of the war various nations provided shelter for rebel refugees until they could be safely evacuated, and British and French war vessels escorted ships carrying thousands of Loyalist refugees from Bilbao. In the present crisis all the leaders are being rounded up and as we go to press it is reported that in the Madrid area alone 150,000 Republican soldiers have been summoned to concentration camps along with 1,500 "red criminals."

REFUGEES

Meanwhile, in France, the tragic epic of the half-million soldiers and civilians who fled across the Pyrenees frontier moves toward a climax that may outdo the horror of their flight. In spite of the frantic efforts of relief agencies to send in supplies, the conditions in the refugee camps around Perpignan are still indescribably bad. Guarded by Senegalese troops, treated like enemy prisoners, provided with no regular shelter, no sanitary equipment, little medical help, and starvation rations, the men and women and children who escaped Franco's bombers on the mountain roads of Catalonia are fast dying in the south of France. And while they suffer, the French government dickers with Franco to take them back into Spain. By the time the deal is made the Spanish Republicans, soldiers and civilians alike, may be glad to go—even at the risk of death. By all reports they have learned to hate France. It opened its frontier, that is true, and they were prepared to forget that the same frontier had been closed to the supplies that might have prevented defeat. But the hostility of the French officers and other authorities and the needless hardships of the improvised concentration camps in which they are penned have turned gratitude to bitterness. A great body of sympathetic, democratic sentiment has been recklessly dissipated by the stupidity of Daladier's bureaucracy.

SLAVE LABOR

Franco will doubtless take them back as soon as he has caught up with the pressing problems of liquidation and organization. He will execute thousands of the leaders, as he did in Barcelona and is now preparing to do in Madrid. But he will probably preserve the rank and file of his victims, the prisoners of war and the new prisoners of peace, to provide free labor for the heavy job of reconstruction. He has learned from his Nazi mentors, what indeed was known in the days of Greece and Rome, that forced labor working under military direction can perform impressive feats of internal reconstruction. Franco should be able to resist the financial bait dangled under his nose by Britain; you don't need much money if you have enough slaves.

Last week I mentioned Raymond Gram Swing's excellent broadcasts on foreign affairs from WOR. It has just been announced that his hour has been changed. Beginning April 11 he will talk at 11:15 on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings immediately following the regular news period.

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Ganging Up on the Labor Act

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, April 3

A NEGRO WPA worker from the Second Congressional District of Georgia went to the United States Capitol a few days before the $150,000,000 Deficiency Relief Appropriation bill was mangled by the House to exercise his constitutional right of petition. He was escorted by two members of the Workers' Alliance, Ted Ozmun and Clem Allen. They asked a page to invite Congressman Eugene Cox of the Second Georgia District into the corridor, where he could listen to an appeal from his constituent for support of the relief appropriation recommended by President Roosevelt. This procedure being regular and customary, "Judge" Cox followed the page to the corridor where the three men waited.

Finding his petitioner a Negro, and a reliefer in the bargain, the Gentleman from Georgia bristled with righteous indignation. He delivered an impromptu speech, embellished with suitable epithets, to the effect that the place for a field hand is in a field, and wound up by slapping the face of one of the alliance delegates. The incident received slight notice in the press. What comment appeared excused the Congressman's uncontrolled anger on the ground that this attempt to "intimidate" him was clearly a case of lobbying at its worst.

About a week later some 200 members of Ohio chambers of commerce descended upon Washington. They swarmed through the corridors of the Capitol summoning their Senators and Representatives to conferences. At a Mayflower Hotel banquet they served notice on Ohio members of Congress that the Wagner Act was to be amended and "punitive" taxes repealed—or else. Not one of them got slapped. Not a newspaper deplored this "intimidation" by the mass lobby. On the contrary, the press hailed it for the most part as a healthy manifestation of business interest in the affairs of government.

Neither of these events was important enough to make the big type. Both were dog-bites-man stories. Had Cox slapped an importunate sweatshop owner from his district, that would have belonged in the man-bite-dog category. Had an Ohio Senator protested against coercion by a mob from his home state, that, too, would have been news. Even so, accounts of the one-man lobby from Georgia and of the 200-man lobby from Ohio, taken together, tell something of what is going on in Washington as the time approaches for a showdown on the all-important Wagner Act amendments.

Organized business, having tasted the blood of appeasement, is coming in packs to tear the law to pieces. The National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce are planning one of the most elaborate lobbying campaigns they have ever undertaken. Already bales of their literature have gone out, some of it at the taxpayers' expense, to whet the appetites of their members. Senator Edward Burke of Nebraska has used his franking privilege to circularize a selected list of influential citizens with exhaustive analyses of the law prepared by the N. A. M. If there ever was any doubt about the source of his amendments, this dispelled it. The A. F. of L. also has circularized affiliates with pamphlets defending its amendments and with letters warning against independent action in defense of the act.

Against this combination stand the dwindling forces of the New Deal in Congress and the C. I. O., their backs to the wall. One-sided as the division may seem, the defenders are not without strength and strategic advantages. The rank-and-file revolt within the A. F. of L. has not abated. Many central bodies and locals, despite threats of reprisal, are backing up the Administration. From as far South as Norfolk, Virginia, have come A. F. of L. resolutions upholding the Wagner Act.

Hearings on all amendments will start on April 11 before the Senate Education and Labor Committee, one of the most liberal committees in Congress, and probably will last at least three weeks. This will delay debate on the floor until the crowded closing weeks of the session, when filibustering tactics, last resort of a hard-pressed minority, might be effective. Meanwhile the burden of proof will be on the proponents of change, and most of the A. F. of L., N. A. M., and Chamber of Commerce amendments will not hold in the court of public opinion if the arguments of the defense get a reasonably fair break in the press.

Administration strategy was indicated by Majority Leader Barkley after a recent conference with the President. Leaving Wagner Act amendments off his list of "desirable" legislation, Barkley expressed the hope that the NLRB could satisfy some of its critics by executive action. What he apparently had in mind was a change in the rules of the board permitting employers as well as employees to petition for elections to determine proper bargaining units in cases of conflict between the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. This could be done without amendment and would silence most honest criticism of the law and the board.

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It is a little-known fact that both President Roosevelt and Senator Wagner suggested last year that the board recant its ruling against employer petitions. Members of the agency refused, feeling that this would open a loophole for collaboration between employers and favored unions. Since then, however, several innocent employers have been caught in the crossfire of labor's feud. One such case recently got up to the District of Columbia Court of Appeals, which is dominated by Roosevelt liberals, and the court's decision made a telling if inferential argument for employer-initiated elections.

The case involved a fur store operating under an A. F. of L. contract. Picketed by a C. I. O. union, the proprietor sought relief by injunction. This was refused on the ground that an injunction would be contrary to the Norris-LaGuardia law. But the court held that the employer should have some remedy, explaining that "the union which believes itself to represent a majority may have no incentive to apply for an election; and the union which apparently has less than a majority may resist an election, at least until it is satisfied that it has won over enough to constitute a majority." Meanwhile the employer is stuck. That such cases are rare is not a sufficient answer to the complaint.

A simple change in the board's rules would do the trick, just as the Supreme Court's decision in the Sands case should have satisfied those who insisted that an amendment was needed to give the courts power to review NLRB findings of fact. But the Sands decision did not stop the N. A. M. and the Chamber of Commerce from repeating their demands for a court-review amendment, and neither would a change in the election rule satisfy them or the federation. They are after bigger fish. So are the reactionaries in Congress. The case for and against the Wagner Act will not be decided on its merits by an impartial jury. The verdict will be a political answer to a fundamental sociological question.

If one is reached at this session, with the temper of Congress what it is, Cox of Georgia and his crowd, who frequently hold the balance of power, will have a big hand in it. To Cox's army John L. Lewis is the devil himself, and industrial unionism is his scheme for rending the social fabric of the South. Visions of field workers and mill hands, white and Negro, organized on the one-big-union principle, with bargaining power and political rights, dance in the nightmares of the Old South's rulers. A New England Republican, even when he dreams that Stalin has taken over, suffers nothing comparable. Things would come to a pass where you couldn't even slap a petitioner in the halls of Congress.

The Grand Disillusion

BY AYLMER VALLANCE

London, March 24

THERE keeps recurring to my mind this week the tale of the old Scotch minister who used to warn his congregation not to rely at the Judgment Seat on pleas of ignorance: "The guid Lord will just say as ye burn, 'Weel, ye know now!' " The British public know now. After the seizure of Bohemia and the ultimatum under duress of which Lithuania was forced to surrender Memel, there is no room left for self-deception as to Hitler's motives and aims. So long as German aggression was confined, as in the case of Austria and even the Sudetenland, to the reinclusion in the Reich of territories with a "lost," predominantly German, population, many people in this country, perhaps the majority, continued to believe that, after all, Hitler's repeated assurances might be accepted at their face value; and that he did not intend to go beyond the principle of "racial assimilation." Misgivings they might have; yet they clung instinctively to faith in decency even in international relationships. When the rape of Prague was followed by Germany's assertion of its right to intervene decisively in the affairs of other nations "in accordance with the principle of self-preservation," the optimists' disillusionment was complete. Confronted by a claim which could be used to justify German hegemony over the whole of Europe, the British public was shocked, angered, and roused to a determination to resist. What the more sophisticated sections of it are asking today is whether its rulers are prepared to lead it in resistance, and whether the government's apparent reconversion to the doctrine of collective security, exhibited in attempts to form a Grand Alliance of solidarity against aggression, is sincere or likely to be lasting.

The time-table of events preceding the Czech coup is peculiar and merits examination. The apparently "modest" tone of Hitler's Reichstag speech on January 31 was featured prominently in the Conservative press; throughout February the official "hand-outs" to political correspondents were increasingly hopeful in the key of "real European *détente*," "initiative passed to the democracies," and so forth; between February 1 and March 11 the London equivalent of your Dow-Jones index of industrial shares had risen by 13 per cent. By March 9 the British Intelligence Service—though not, apparently, the

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British envoys at either Berlin or Prague—was fully aware of Germany's plans for the coming week; and on March 11 M. Bonnet, the French Foreign Minister, drew Mr. Chamberlain's attention to German troop movements. Yet during the week-end of March 11-13 the press continued to reflect officially inspired optimism. Relations, it was admitted, between Czech and Slovak were strained, but there was no reason to apprehend "complications" or German intervention. On Monday, March 13, a delegation of British industrialists left for Germany to negotiate a trade pact—speeded by official blessings. Next day President Hacha was summoned to Berlin to receive his country's death warrant. On Wednesday the Germans were in Prague; yet all the Prime Minister had to say was that "the Munich settlement had not proved final" and that he "did not wish to associate himself with charges of breach of faith." In the debate in Parliament later that day Sir John Simon, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, strongly opposed the idea that Britain should take the initiative in forming a defensive league or enter into any extensive commitments on the Continent. The *mot d'ordre* to the press was as far as possible to minimize the significance of Germany's move. On Thursday the British industrialists at Düsseldorf signed an economic alliance with their German "opposite numbers" designed to promote an Anglo-German export trade drive in neutral markets.

Then followed a strange volte-face. Newspaper editors, more alive to public sentiment than the government, declined to take up the inspirational cue of complacency; the press on Thursday and Friday presented the German coup not merely as a violation of international law but as a threat to British security. The "self-preservation" thesis enunciated by the Führer was played up even by the leader writer of the appeasement-minded *Times*. By noon on Friday a revolt of Conservative M. P.'s against the Prime Minister was gaining momentum, a leading financial newspaper had attacked the industrialists' Düsseldorf pact as a flagrant breach of the Anglo-American trade agreement, the man in the "pub" was saying over his pint of beer: "Old 'gamp' Chamberlain is letting us down."

Promptly the Prime Minister trimmed his sails. On Friday night in his native city of Birmingham he delivered a suitably "stiff" speech, condemning Germany's breach of the spirit of Munich and promising stern opposition to further acts of aggression. The week-end press, under inspiration from the Prime Minister's publicity office, was significantly patriotic; and on Monday in the House of Lords the Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, declared that considerations of self-protection—to put it no higher—pointed to the necessity of a collective-security pact to which every nation menaced by the possibility of Nazi aggression could adhere. With the single exception of Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express,* which voiced its proprietor's isolationist chagrin by announcing with irresponsible venom that Britain's policy was now directed to "encirclement" of Germany and preventive "attack," the whole press welcomed the Foreign Secretary's declaration; and the following day a draft "declaration of solidarity" was submitted by London to Paris, Moscow, and Warsaw for consideration, the governments of Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Turkey being simultaneously informed of its contents.

The ultimate outcome of that projected diplomatic démarche cannot yet be predicted. The French immediately intimated their willingness to play ball; but unhappily, so long as M. Bonnet remains as Foreign Minister and MM. Caillaux, Flandin, and the other advocates of Franco-German rapprochement are outside a concentration camp, nobody in England will be quite satisfied that France may not sell us out. The U. S. S. R. approved the declaration "in principle," with the mental reservation that the Western democracies might be only too glad to ask for Russian aid in support of Rumania and then, when German and Russian troops were engaged, proclaim their disinterestedness in an anti-Bolshevik war conducted by the Reich. The Poles, not unnaturally, objected that adhesion to a paper anti-Nazi "front" would be perilous from their standpoint, and that they would have nothing to do with the declaration unless Britain committed itself to a 100 per cent undertaking to attack Germany if Poland were the victim of aggression. This view was shared by Yugoslavia.

An impasse? It is still too early to be positive. The British government, forced reluctantly by public opinion into providing an international "popular front," can hardly afford to let its diplomatic effort be wholly abortive and its strategic nakedness consequently exposed. An alliance against Nazidom, with specific, mutual military commitments, is a possibility in view of the continuing pressure on the government from the adherents of Churchill and Eden. Conscription, which would convince the Poles and the Russians that England means business, has been vetoed by the Cabinet—partly because the War Office could not deal, it says, with a flood of infantry recruits, and partly because the Labor Party, so long as Chamberlain is Prime Minister, would resist compulsion. If there is a lull, after Memel, in the German drive—and until the snows melt a campaign against Rumania is unlikely—the policy of appeasement, typifying in retrospect "bull" markets for the financial district and an acceptable advertisement volume for the national newspapers, may regain part at least of its popularity. The British public's alarm and anger at the events of the Ides of March may fade. The ostrich-like inclination to accept Hitler's post-Memel declaration that Germany's wrong had been "substantially" repaired may again dominate.

Under a different government the people of England

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would be mobilized today in defense of international order and their own liberty, for there is a general belief here that the Germans have no intention of allowing themselves to be embroiled with Russia, that their immediate strategy is to protect this rear by immobilizing Poland while Hungary and Rumania are brought finally into the axis camp, and that war, when it comes, will be war in the West. In all classes of the community there is much less panic than there was last September, and more anger. Many people will tell you that they would rather "get it over" than continue in a state of suspended crisis, awaiting Hitler's blow.

Yet underneath the general determination to fight, if challenged, there is an uneasy feeling that the Cabinet may still be preparing for another Munich. Look back to the time-table I have given of the prelude to the Ides of March, and note the visible reluctance with which the government was brought to the view that the invasion of Bohemia was designed to lead up to the bombardment of London. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Prime Minister agreed in effect at Munich to enter into an alliance with Germany for copartnership in world domination. At the age of seventy he may be too set in his ideas to relinquish this fantastic conception. It was significant that when Mr. Litvinov proposed an immediate nine-power conference to work out a real military alliance, the reply of Lord Halifax was that such a conference would involve not only delay but "dangers of disagreement"—obviously, when the nine powers all ask for specific military guaranties, and a large section of the British Cabinet wants to give Germany a free hand eastward up to the deadline of the Dardanelles. As I write, there appear to be two alternatives—the replacement of Mr. Chamberlain's administration by a government of national concentration, or continuance of drift until every potential ally has been lost and sea power is of little avail against a Greater Reich stretching from the Black Sea to the Channel.

Hollywood Waves the Flag

BY FRANK S. NUGENT

IT IS always easier to discover a trend than to account for it. Particularly is this true of Hollywood—by which we mean the American motion-picture industry—where cycle follows cycle for no apparent reason, toward no apparent destination, and outwardly at least with no apparent effect upon the two-thirds of the nation's population assumed to be its patrons. Thus, 1935 is remembered as the year of the operatic cycle, 1936 for the G-man cycle, 1937 for the whimsy cycle, last year for the homespun cycle. They were all irrelevant, seemingly unmotivated, of little or no consequence beyond their immediate purpose as entertainment.

But a new cycle has started up this year which is being watched with interest, astonishment, and not a little fear. Hollywood has begun to wave the flag. It has discovered America, discovered democracy, and discovered what George M. Cohan found out years ago—and what George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart have found out, too: that you can always bring the house to its feet by playing the Star-Spangled Banner and running the red, white, and blue to the top of the flagpole. It is an interesting discovery for the film industry to have made just when the world is tuning the war drums.

If perhaps you stopped going to the movies about the time they started the Motion Pictures' Greatest Year campaign, as so many of you did, you may not have noticed what has been happening. Here are a few recent screen news events, mentioned for what they are worth:

On the advice of the War Department, Paramount rewrote the pacifist ending of its film "Men with Wings," a history of aviation, so that it reached its climax with a dinner in an airplane hangar where the heroine, surrounded by brass buttons and braid, drank a toast to the men who had made aviation what it is today. Looming above the banquet table were the great bombers of the army.

Several of our larger theater circuits have begun opening and closing their shows with a sound-track chorus of the national anthem.

The familiar Fitzpatrick Travel Talks will not, this year, be on beautiful Bali, enchanting Ethiopia, or delightful Denmark. By a decision reached, coincidentally, soon after the close of the Lima conference, Mr. Fitzpatrick has elected to see America first—at last. He will travel exclusively in the Western Hemisphere.

The Warners will continue their series of patriotic shorts, in Technicolor, with "The Bill of Rights," "Sons of Liberty," "Remember the Alamo," "Teddy Roosevelt," and others. "Lincoln in the White House" and "The Declaration of Independence" have already been made. Warners will also make two four-reelers in both Spanish and English—"The Monroe Doctrine" and "Bolivar of South America."

In the Americana vein we have had "Jesse James," in which Jesse was shown to be a crusader against a ruthless public utility; "Oklahoma Kid," in which a Billy the Kid

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prototype turned to crime because he felt it was no worse than stealing Oklahoma from the Cherokees; "Let Freedom Ring," which rang down its curtain with Nelson Eddy leading a labor chorus in singing "America" and the dirty capitalist slinking out into the night. And we're going to have a great many more on the same order. Mention of the biographical prospects should give you the idea: two Abe Lincolns, one General Grant, one Sam Houston, one Alexander Graham Bell, one Buffalo Bill, and, among the others—believe it or not—one life of Postmaster General James A. Farley.

Most significant of all, perhaps, are these bulletins: that Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here" is to be filmed this season; that the Warners have completed "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," based on former G-Man Leon Turrou's story of German espionage in this country; that Charles Chaplin is making "The Dictators," in which he will double as a tramp and as the leader of a totalitarian state; and that "Personal History," once shelved, is likely to be taken down and dusted off almost any day.

What we have, in sum, is an astonishing picture of Hollywood expressing a point of view, seemingly in defiance of its frequently stated policy that the primary, and often the sole, purpose of the motion picture is to entertain, that it is wiser to avoid controversial topics, that it must shun propaganda, and that it must deal charitably with foreign nations. It is, if not an about-face for the industry, at least a marked step to one side, and I think we are entitled to look into it—to inquire into its possible causes and to seek to determine its sincerity.

One of the most frequently advanced explanations is that the closing of the Italian market (Mussolini has made distribution and exhibition of pictures a government monopoly) and the virtual loss of the German market (although all but two American companies are still doing business there) have freed Hollywood's producers from the tacit censorship the dictators once imposed. In itself it is not much of an argument. Germany and Italy never accounted for more than 10 per cent of the foreign gross, as against the 60 to 65 per cent derived from the British Empire, the 10 to 15 per cent from South America, and a like amount from the Orient.

What Hollywood had to consider in its treatment of political themes was not so much the resentment of the criticized nation or even that of its allies as the unwillingness of the other countries—England and the United States included—to risk a diplomatic incident, with its accompanying commercial reverberations, over so relatively unimportant a matter as a single motion picture. If Germany or Italy had let it be known last year in Paris, London, or Washington that it considered a proposed picture insulting or inimical to its interests, there is not much doubt that the word would have gone out, unofficially of course, to "lay off." Since Munich, however, it is possible that the veil of neutrality has been raised a little off the face of the world. That may account, in part anyway, for Hollywood's change of heart.

Another explanation, not too far-fetched, is that pan-Americanism has something to do with it, that the government, busy with its Good Neighbor program, has suggested that Hollywood should do its bit. If that is true, the Warners' proposal to make "Remember the Alamo" seems slightly malapropos, but it might recoup with "Bolivar." Paul Muni's "Juarez" would fit neatly into the program, which is one reason why the picture will have its première early next month in Mexico City. "Pan-America" and "Hands Across the Border" would be in the same friendly category.

This would explain, too, Hollywood's current affectionate regard for most aspects of our national scene. The gangster motif is being played down; there is less melodramatic excitement about corrupt judiciaries, lynch mobs, venal parole boards, and G-man raids. After all, who wants a family of hoodlums as a good neighbor? If North America and its democracy are to be sold to Central and South America, it will have to be by stressing their good points, not their worst.

But here again the theory is grounded on dollars and cents. For with the European market uncertain and in danger of becoming an arena of war, South America emerges as the most fertile field for box-office expansion. Movie men do not like to talk about it. "Every time we mention the South American market they impose a new tax," one head of a foreign department said. But a pan-American campaign is under way, and with or without government counsel is taking a democracy-boosting form.

Behind all the other explanations, and the pleasantest to believe if it only were possible to do so, is the one which holds that the film industry has awakened to the public's interest in democracy and has chosen to give it the benefit of favorable publicity. It may be true. Quite possibly it is true of a few of the producers. Chaplin's "Dictators," although it will be a comedy, most certainly is inspired by Chaplin's personal philosophy. Walter Wanger's "Blockade," unsatisfactory as it may have been, still sought to express its producer's liberal beliefs. Harry Warner's patriotic essays on the Constitution and the Gettysburg Address may not be models of subtlety, but there can be little doubt of their sincerity.

On the whole, however, the motion-picture industry has never been proved guilty of high-mindedness. Its tradition has been one of opportunism. Presented under the cloak of morality films, its "Ten Commandments" and "Sign of the Cross" were little more than the occasion for some of the juiciest revels since Nero. Theoretically decrying various public enemies, Hollywood lingered with loving sadism over their butcheries. There is no reason now to believe that it has found courage, purpose, and a sense of patriotic destiny.

If concrete evidence of the lack of those qualities is

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needed, one might mention the disinclination of any of the major companies—the patriotic Warners particularly—to release "Crisis," Herbert Kline's excellent documentary film of the betrayal of Czechoslovakia. One might note, too, the minute part being played in Hollywood's pro-democracy crusade by the genuinely liberal group of actors, writers, directors, and producers. Certainly in theory, at least, one might expect to be hearing more of King Vidor, Lewis Milestone, Clifford Odets, Dudley Nichols, and some of the others whose social consciousness could be employed in democracy's defense.

Aside from these somewhat nebulous reflections, concern is being expressed both within and without the industry over the dangers of this Americanism campaign. Patriotism is not something to be played with; it is not a commodity to be exploited like pollyannaism, cinderellaism, or boy-meets-girlism. From patriotism to nationalism to chauvinism to jingoism is a matter of simple emotional progression. A flag and a drum may do a deal of good these days, but they can cause a deal of damage too. If Hollywood accelerates the tempo unduly or gets off too often on the wrong foot, millions of Americans may begin marching in the worst possible direction.

Of course, all this has its quizzical side. For years the liberals have called on Hollywood to come out of its escapist seclusion, look around at the world, and say something about it. Now the industry is enjoying one of the few earnest moments it has known. It may not be entirely certain what it wants to say or how to express it; and we, on the listening end, may have thus far only been able to guess at its meaning. But we shall place ourselves in an untenable position the moment we confess we should feel safer with only entertainment, escapist variety, on the screen. Call it a problem that deserves study, the latest problem to be created by America's biggest problem child—the movies.

China's Fifty-Fifty Chance

BY HALDORE HANSON

A NEWS correspondent returning from Chinese battlefields is perplexed by finding American opinion on China divided into two camps. Camp One—the pessimists or "realists"—holds that China is hamstrung. It has lost all its principal seaports, railways, and industries, all its vital sources of revenue. Its armies have been bludgeoned into inactivity. By all the rules of orthodox economics its downfall is inevitable. It's too bad, but we saw it happen in Abyssinia and Spain. Camp Two—the optimists or sentimentalists—believes that China has already turned the tide of battle. Chiang Kai-shek's troops have held their present lines for five months, and the Chinese guerrillas are paralyzing the railways and annihilating small enemy garrisons. The Japanese financial structure is tottering. A Chinese counter-offensive is about to be unloosed which will dislodge the Japanese from their walled cities, roll them up like a rug, and end at the seacoast in a big splash.

No careful observer in the Far East today would bet a yen on either of these opinions, for Japan and China are like two boxers in the fourth round of a knockout fight, each sparring coolly after three bloody rounds, each husbanding his strength.

Japan is far from bankrupt. Its gold reserves are low, but sufficient—with current production—to last another eighteen months, and the barter agreements which it is now negotiating with the Near East and South America will probably enable it to obtain war materials by triangular trade for a year after its gold is exhausted. Indecision in Tokyo today springs not from a risky financial margin but from an uncertainty of objectives. Japan hesitates to fling all its military reserves into China when a European war is believed to be approaching which will enable it either to grapple with its Number one bogy, Russia, or to seize British and French interests in the Far East.

While the lull in the Far East does not mean an exhausted Japan, neither does it mean a defeated China. Chiang Kai-shek's army of 198 divisions is still intact, more experienced than in 1937, and now being reorganized for mobile warfare. About two-thirds of the troops are south of Hankow in the vicinity of the Hankow-Canton railway and the southern seacoast. The remaining third are northwest of Hankow guarding the Han River and the Lunghai railway. All the troops have been whittled down by casualties and replacements to uniform quality; experts no longer speak of "crack divisions" and "war-lord rabble." Contrary to reports China has not lost its heavy equipment. When I visited Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters last December I counted on one training field 236 tanks and 1,200 field guns, all held in reserve for the Chinese counter-offensive which is hypothetically set for the winter of 1940-41.

This attack is a long-range plan dependent upon three imponderables, all of them vital for Chinese victory: (1) The economic development of southwestern China—new highways, railways, mines, arsenals, and industries—must enable China to produce or import sufficient war materials to sustain an offensive. (2) Japan must

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suffer an acute shortage of foreign credits, both gold reserves and foreign exports, because only a combined shortage at home and in the field would result in a general withdrawal of Japanese troops. (3) The Chinese guerrillas specializing in military pin pricks and economic sabotage must continue to wear down the Japanese army and its war materials. China is betting its life on the guerrillas. Chiang Kai-shek not only permitted the Eighth Route Army, the former Red Army, to mobilize 300,000 "partisans" in North China, but is now attempting to transform a third of his own troops, roughly 600,000 men, into mobile units behind the Japanese lines.

Orthodox military minds will inquire: Isn't China foolish to gamble its future on a form of warfare which has succeeded so seldom? Didn't the British suppress the Boers by superior armament? Didn't the French crush the Riffs? Didn't the Japanese drive the Manchurian guerrillas into remote mountain areas where their sabotage program is almost impotent? The answer to all these questions is yes, but the sting of the Chinese guerrillas is not to be measured by military yardsticks alone. The strategy of the Chinese guerrillas has no precise parallel in history.

Remember first that the Japanese army of occupation stretches into China like the outspread fingers of a hand. It occupies, not a block of territory, but a network of railways, rivers, and roads. By day the scattered Japanese defense forces exercise control over narrow strips of territory on each side of their communication lines, but at night the invaders retire into their barbwired fortresses at the railway stations, guarded by machine-guns and artillery. Over the broad countryside between the railways, over the millions of villagers and townsmen, the Japanese have no control.

This was the situation late in 1937 when the first guerrillas appeared as disorganized bands of young farmers armed with their family rifles. They were fighting, not to save their nation, but to protect their villages. I spent four months at the close of 1938 with the North China guerrillas and asked hundreds of men why they were fighting. I always got the same type of answer: "My cart and oxen were stolen by the Japanese"; "My house was burned"; "My granary was looted"; "Eight women in our village were raped." The whole course of the war might have been changed if the Japanese had been scrupulously careful of civilian life and property. Japanese brutality aroused mass resistance.

Canalizing this feeling into an effective formula of guerrilla warfare was the contribution of the Eighth Route Army leaders, many of whom had had ten years' experience in mobilizing guerrillas during the civil war. They knew the first step. Every villager between the railways must be made a conscious "partisan," a man or woman supporting the guerrillas. For this purpose a democratic assembly was created in each village, composed entirely of local residents. No taxes could be levied, no food requisitioned, no men drafted without permission of this village council. At the same time educational classes for farmers, held by lamplight in the village school on summer evenings, introduced ideas about group power and mass action. The Chinese peasant who had slaved for a quarter-century under a Chinese war lord was given a taste of political freedom and told to fight for it. This accounts for the popular battle cry among the guerrillas, "We won't be Japanese slaves."

In addition to political power the guerrilla program gives to the average farmer very attractive economic concessions. All rents have been cut 25 per cent. Interest rates are limited to 2 per cent a month. Taxes have been redistributed to place the principal burden on the richer farmers. The horses of the guerrilla cavalry are loaned to the farmers at plowing time. And the farmer can only retain these privileges by fighting the Japanese.

Having established a political base in territory now comprising 60 per cent of North China, the Eighth Route Army leaders mobilized the younger farmers, aged seventeen to twenty-five, for full-time military service in defending their territory. Each man received a uniform and three months of preliminary training. These are no haphazard "minute men" like those of the American Revolution. They are trained to use light and heavy machine-guns as well as hand grenades and bayonets, their favorite night weapons.

At first the guerrillas were employed primarily for attacking the railways, but as the Japanese increased their fortifications the guerrillas avoided direct attack, preferring to lure the enemy into the open where ambushes were possible. A typical battle was that at Kaoyang in central Hopei last summer, when 2,000 Japanese advanced forty miles from the railway and occupied a walled town. Guerrillas immediately surrounded the town. Each day when a Japanese unit emerged to burn the surrounding villages that were helping the guerrillas, the unit was ambushed. After fifteen days of skirmishing, a direct attack upon the town forced the whole Japanese force to retreat, abandoning five motor trucks and nine artillery pieces. The Japanese lost 600 men, compared to 180 on the Chinese side.

That brings up the question: What is the objective of the guerrillas? Is it to kill Japanese? To stop their supply trains? To recapture cities? I put these questions to General Nieh Jung-chen, the commander of the Eighth Route Army in northern Shansi, and received an answer which provides entirely new criteria for judging the effectiveness of the hit-and-run farmers. "The 90,000 guerrillas under my control," he explained, "are devoting their energies, first, to consolidating and guarding their political bases; secondly, to using these territories for economic sabotage." He elaborated the statement as follows: (1) Japanese are unable to collect taxes from

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70 per cent of the farmers in North China; (2) no Japanese commercial goods are permitted to reach the village markets; (3) a blockade is enforced by the guerrillas on the export of cotton, foodstuffs, coal, and wool from partisan territory to the Japanese railways. Of course the Japanese are getting some coal and iron from mines adjacent to railways, but the shipments have been disappointing both in quality and quantity. At least six coal mines used by the Japanese have been dynamited by the partisans.

The most dramatic form of economic sabotage is the wrecking of trains, the damaging of bridges, and the cutting down of telephone poles. In this work the Chinese are not so effective as was Lawrence in Arabia, who was supplied with prodigal amounts of British gun cotton. The Chinese are forced to rely upon man power, which is used mainly for the removal and burying of rails. Each rail costs 300 yen and contains a ton of steel. A village of 200 men and women can carry off 10 rails in a night, and working one night a week can steal 520 rails a year. Twenty such villages in the course of a year can remove enough steel to deprive the Japanese of a new cruiser.

Food production in guerrilla territory during 1938 was actually greater than in 1937 because of the smaller cotton acreage. The cotton for uniforms is locally grown. The village arsenals use rice kettles for scrap iron and chemicals from the soil, which are almost unlimited. Thus the three essentials of mass warfare—food, clothing, and arms—need give the partisans little worry. Rifle and machine-gun ammunition is their one necessary import. At the present time about one-third of the supply is captured from the Japanese and two-thirds is imported on muleback from "free China." Swords and grenades are manufactured in the village arsenals.

All factors considered, the guerrillas seem to have come to stay. In Manchuria the Japanese used 450,000 soldiers against 330,000 Chinese guerrillas, and succeeded after six years in driving the Chinese off the plains into the mountains. The task in North China is infinitely greater because the Japanese can never hope to have a superiority of man power, and a larger proportion of the territory is mountainous. The bases of the Eighth Route Army in Shansi have already withstood four major campaigns and seem to be impregnable.

China's "long view," based upon guerrilla warfare and a possible counter-attack, is that the war is a contest of endurance. The Chinese are thinking not in terms of weeks and months but of years and even decades. The Red Army fought for ten years against Chiang Kai-shek. Its leaders now feel they can equal or better that record against the Japanese. It was with this singular Chinese "long view" in mind that a foreign military attaché declared at the beginning of 1939: "China still has a fifty-fifty chance of winning back its lost territory."

Everybody's Business

STATES' RIGHTS RUN WILD

NO DOUBT, deluded reader, you were taught in school that thanks to the wisdom of the Founding Fathers the United States became the world's greatest free-trade area. The Constitution gave to the federal government the duty of regulating foreign and interstate commerce and expressly forbade the states to lay duties on goods coming from other states or from foreign countries. Thus from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Canadian border to Mexico, there can be no tariff barriers—a basic reason, say the economists, for the rapid industrial and agricultural development of America.

Presumably history teachers still talk along these lines, and it must be bewildering for their pupils to go from such a lesson to a current-events class and there learn how various states are attempting to exclude the products of other states. Today so many ways have been found, within the Constitution, for impeding interstate commerce in order to give protection to local interests that we are well on the way to losing the benefits of our boasted internal free trade. None too soon the Council of State Governments has called a meeting to consider ways of checking the insidious growth of trade restrictions which threatens to reduce us to the condition of Europe. It is to be hoped that every member of the conference, which opens in Chicago on April 5, will have studied carefully a special report on "Barriers to Internal Trade in Farm Products," recently published by the Department of Agriculture.

In this report we get a clear picture of the ways in which states have used their police powers to stifle "foreign" competition. Because of the Constitution, open protection is seldom feasible, and it has thus been necessary to resort to disguise. Ironically enough, for the consumer is the most immediate victim of these devices, the nominal purposes of most restrictive legislation is to guard his interest. Thus statutes whose real object is to give advantage to local farmers are presented as designed to insure clean milk or safe meat. Acts intended to discourage interstate trucking purport to aim at highway safety. Again, perfectly legitimate regulations may be administered in such a way as to protect local vested interests rather than the consumer.

Take the case of milk. Everyone agrees that it is the duty of state and municipal authorities to make certain that the milk supply is clean and healthy. But it is small comfort to a poor mother to know that the quality of milk is first rate if, under pretense of securing that end, measures have been taken which make the price prohibitive. Numerous cities and states permit the sale of milk within their areas only when it comes from farms which they have inspected and licensed. By the refusal to send inspectors outside a restricted area a monopoly is granted to the local farmers. Sometimes, according to a Department of Justice release dated July 7, 1938, the question of the area of inspection is left to the sole discretion of the health authorities, who thus acquire "not only sanitary control of the quality of the milk, but economic control over the price of milk." Naturally such boards are subject to political pressure from interested parties.

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Rhode Island has an extremely arbitrary law requiring all milk shipped into the state to go direct from the originating farm to consumer or dealer within the state. By way of enforcement the Commissioner for Agriculture is empowered to add red coloring matter to all "illegal" milk, and one day in August, 1937, some 5,000 gallons of good Vermont milk were dyed Rhode Island red. It is not hard to imagine the outcry that arose from the Green Mountain champions of states' rights. Unhappily their own record was not so spotless, for as far back as 1890 Vermont, in an effort to protect its butter producers, decreed that all margarine should have a pink hue.

This brings us to the whole fantastic story of margarine, which has long been the football of our state tariffists. When this compound was first put on the market, back in the eighties, there were some attempts to pass it off as butter. This served as an excuse for all kinds of legislation far more severe than an effort to prevent fraud required. Not content with heavy federal taxes on this butter substitute, various states also went on the warpath. Four others besides Vermont ordered pinkness, but this coloring was later declared unconstitutional. More successful were laws banning margarine when colored to resemble butter; these were adopted by more than half the states. Heavy excise taxes were also imposed in many states.

After the war margarine manufacturers improved their product and turned from animal to vegetable oils, of which cottonseed oil is by far the most important. Now the cotton-growing states have a vested interest in margarine, while the dairying states still seek to squelch any competitor of butter. These divergent interests have led to something like economic warfare. For instance, in 1935 Wisconsin raised its excise tax to a prohibitive level. Immediately the cotton states were in an uproar. The Mid-South Cotton Growers' Association called for a boycott of Wisconsin products, declaring: "Any interference with the free movement of cotton oil strikes at the heart of the cotton grower and the South generally and *cannot be tolerated.*" The latest move in this campaign was the introduction in the Arkansas legislature a few weeks ago of a bill imposing a 25 per cent tax on all milk, cream, butter, and apples grown in Washington, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota and sold in Arkansas!

Amid these reprisals little is heard from the chief sufferer —the consumer. In the dairy states if he cannot afford butter —and few people who can will eat margarine—he must fall back on still less appetizing fats, and in the South he is threatened with increased prices for other foods.

There is no space here to mention the innumerable ways in which regulations necessary to secure pure food, to control the liquor traffic, or to prevent the spread of plant and animal pests are being stretched beyond their proper spheres to become instruments of protection. Now that it has got to the retaliation stage the evil is growing rapidly, and it is to be hoped that the Council of State Governments can find drastic remedies and secure their general adoption. For if the epidemic of state autarchy is permitted to spread much farther, either the economic basis of the Union will be destroyed or the federal government will be forced by popular clamor to take over a wide field of activities within which states' rights have been grossly abused.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

NORTH CAROLINA'S Senator "Bob" Reynolds, whose pro-Nazi utterances have startled Washington, is responsible for a unique insertion in the *Congressional Record.* After urging United States recognition of Franco, Reynolds asked permission to insert three clippings: a Washington *Star* editorial, a New York *Times* news item, and an article "from a magazine the name of which I do not now have." The unidentified article was a eulogy of Franco's "anti-Marxist" forces; its source, which the Senator couldn't remember, was the magazine *Spain,* official Franco organ in this country.

SINCE HIS arrival here, Dr. Eduard Benes has publicly remained silent on the "inside story" of pre-Munich events. Among intimates at the University of Chicago he has been more outspoken; to them he has insisted that the Czechs were determined to fight even after French and British desertion, were assured of Russian aid, and finally capitulated only because Agrarian leaders, hating Stalin more than Hitler, vowed they would not cooperate.

THE MILWAUKEE *SENTINEL* regularly publishes the Washington Merry-Go-Round, a syndicated column by Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, with a note emphasizing that opinions expressed in it are those of the authors, not the editors. Recently that column as published in other papers included a statement that Wisconsin Republicans "are privately concerned over the clownish antics of Governor Julius Heil." The column appeared in the *Sentinel* with the Wisconsin item missing.

HEADLINE IN the Bergen (New Jersey) *Evening Record:*

TOURISTS, BUT ONLY GRADE A,
ARE SOUGHT FOR RIDGEWOOD

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE URGES RESIDENTS TO CALM THEIR FEARS THAT LOWER CLASSES WILL BE INVITED

NAZI AUTHORITIES, seeking to lure unemployed Swiss watchmakers to work in a watch factory under construction in Pforzheim, Germany, have announced a new inducement. The Swiss will receive badges which will relieve them of the obligation of using the Hitler greeting.

THERE HASN'T been much publicity for the findings of a psychological survey on "Personality Traits Related to Conservatism and Radicalism." Its author, Emily S. Dexter of Agnes Scott College, concludes that "radicals, as compared with conservatives, are usually brighter, better informed, slower in movement and decision, are more introvert, self-sufficient, and dominant, and rarely are the product of small towns." She found no difference in size of family, income, emotional instability or intensity, or teaching ability.

IN EUROPE, it is reported, the British Lion has become the lion of least resistance.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

PRIME MINISTER CHAMBERLAIN is now on record as not yielding on the matter of peace-time conscription. In my judgment, however, it is bound to come. Parliament may defer the decision for a while, but if there is to be a serious arms race between England and Germany, conscription is certain. If you are going to fight the dictators you've got to descend to the dictators' level and do what they do. If they use poison gas, you will. If they sink ships without warning, you will—if you can get at theirs. If they decide on killing your men by the use of bacteria, you will have the finest bacteriological department in your army before they can turn around. If they bomb unarmed cities in England, you will kill just as many of their women and children in similar raids as you can. You will go just as far down into the mire as they go and justify it on the ground of its being necessary for the preservation of your country.

That there will be a great deal of opposition in England to conscription in peace time I do not doubt. The peace movement is very strong there, and the number of absolutists so great that they have considerable influence and will constitute a serious problem when war comes. But the bulk of the people will be told that the liberties of the British are being endangered, and as Mr. Chamberlain said in his Birmingham speech, "Englishmen will never give up their liberty." What he meant was that they will never give up their liberty to *foreigners*. He reserves in his mind the right to deprive them of their liberty at home. If the armament madness continues, Englishmen will be more and more regimented and their freedom more and more circumscribed. Business will be controlled more and more. Government orders will have greater and greater priority and consideration. More and more industries will be subsidized directly or indirectly—it has just been announced that the British government is reviewing the whole merchant-fleet situation with a view to building it up rapidly for war purposes, which means larger and larger subsidies out of the public treasury. Then when war comes, the last vestige of liberty will disappear with the firing of the first gun. You always suppress liberty to save democracy and establish liberty.

What good all this will do if France goes fascist I cannot see. Six months may tell us whether the Cagoulards will be able to seize power; they are reported by a trustworthy correspondent of the New York *Post* to be arming again, none of the 101 arrested for secretly arming against the republic having been tried and most of them being out on bail. Even if France remains a democracy, or what passes for a democracy, financial disaster looms ahead. Mussolini threatened France the other day that if it did not yield to his demands he would continue to arm Italy even if it meant the complete elimination "of what is known as civil life." If he does that, France will have to follow suit, and it will be a race, not for military superiority, but to see which first goes down into chaos—complete financial disaster or bloody revolution. But the men at the head of France see no other way out than the old one of force.

The worst thing about Daladier and Chamberlain is that, having achieved what they thought was their great victory at Munich, they sat back and did nothing to strengthen the existing peace machinery. They merely proclaimed a peace and then went back to arming. I insist that at this game Hitler will beat them every time, for the more closely he approaches the communism of Stalin, the easier will it be for him to do what Mussolini has threatened to do—subordinate the entire life of the nation to preparation for war. But the statesmen learn nothing. They cannot follow the most ordinary dictates of common sense. That was why there was such tremendous acclaim the first time Chamberlain flew to Germany. People everywhere rejoiced that one statesman was going to do just what any plain business man would have done when his negotiations with a rival became serious. And then Chamberlain showed his incompetence as a negotiator! Why did not Daladier implement his clear statement in reply to Mussolini's speech with the suggestion that he was willing to leave to the arbitration of Franklin Roosevelt or the King of Sweden or the Hague tribunal the points at issue between the countries, with the exception of the cession of territory? That would have shown good faith at once.

Well, this country can throw no stones. It has now no fewer than eight battleships authorized or under construction, and it is believed that the navy will ask for one more in a week or two although the ships that have just been laid down will not be finished for five years, when there will either be peace in Europe or general chaos—or a Europe made up wholly of fascist states. The new 45,000-ton battleships the President authorized last week under Congressional authority will cost between $85,000,000 and $100,000,000 apiece. The cost of those already authorized and building is between $70,000,000 and $75,000,000 apiece—all in the name of security, which will never, never be purchased by force or preparations for war.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

HITLER has given us an intensive course in geography in the past year. It is not so long ago that Eastern Europe was a tangled thicket of unpronounceable names and there was a touch of humorous contempt in the general attitude toward nations which did not even know enough to put vowels between consonants. In the past year, or rather within the past month, Hitler, the Great Teacher, moving from west to east, using a gun for a pointer, pausing only long enough to din the strange names into our ears, and breaking up Versailles compounds into their component parts, has conducted a course in nationalities, resources, and peoples that the world will not soon forget. Today Brno isn't funny; Rumania has ceased to be Graustark and the Danube a waltz; Carpatho-Ukraine seems as real as Kansas.

Erskine Caldwell's new book "North of the Danube," with sixty-four beautiful photographs by Margaret Bourke-White (Viking Press, $3), is an illuminating and touching footnote to the Nazi conquest, so timely as to be painful. It consists of eight vivid close-ups, written with the direct clarity of Mr. Caldwell's best vein, of the peoples and countrysides of the Czechoslovakia that was, until March 14. Perhaps the most striking chapter in the book is the one entitled Bread in Uzok. Uzok is a village in Carpatho-Ukraine, a few kilometers from the Polish border. When the travelers from America asked a taxi driver in Uzhorod to take them to Uzok, he acted as if Uzok was the end of the world. He had been there once, and once was enough. When he was finally persuaded by the offer of more kronen than he could afford to refuse, he excused himself for five minutes—and came back with a pistol, an extra box of cartridges, and five loaves of black bread. A hotel owner and a Czech policeman brought more bread. The two Americans, caught up in the excitement, also bought bread without knowing why.

The mystery was solved when they arrived in Uzok with their car trunk full of bread and stopped in the one street. Doors began opening, and presently they were surrounded by a crowd of forty or fifty persons begging for bread. The taxi driver threatened them with his pistol to hold them back while he unlocked the trunk. He cut the loaves into pieces and handed the pieces to children and men and women with desperate eyes, who immediately ran home with their treasure and locked the doors behind them. "It has been seven years since I tasted bread," said one old woman. "I just wanted to taste bread once more before I die, and now I can."

And why no bread?

"The prince, who comes from Hungary, does not want anybody on his land any more, because he said human beings scare away the wild boars he keeps there to hunt."

Last fall Jonathan Daniels wrote an article in the *Virginia Quarterly* on our own South with the striking title Democracy Is Bread. The authors of this book must have been reminded more than once of the American share-cropper's South which was the subject of their last book. In Uzok, as in Marked Tree, Arkansas, democracy is bread. The alternative is the old feudalism or the new fascism. At the moment Carpatho-Ukraine is in the hands of feudal Hungary, but its real master is fascist Germany. A democracy can suffer an Uzok or a Marked Tree only at great risk.

The Caldwell-Bourke-White expedition moved from east to west, from the backward misery of Uzok to the beauty and sophistication of Prague. Colorful costumes, bright sunshine, fertile, bread-bearing lands lie between. But Uzok casts its shadow even to Prague, where a Nazi agent said, "Our movement is coming down the highway like a steam-roller." It has rolled far since then. Its engine is fascist imperialism. Its highway is the long black shadow cast by breadless Uzok.

The April-May-June number of the *Countryman,* one of the world's unique quarterlies, has just arrived from Oxfordshire. The little green magazine, which looks like a thick tuft of bright English turf, is celebrating its twelfth birthday. If it depends on advertising, which in this issue covers 183 of its 420 pages, it has an assured future. It is a non-political magazine of country life which draws contributors and subscribers from every political bailiwick. The present issue is full of spring business: its first article is Four Days in the Life of a Foal, which introduces a miscellany of items ranging from the peculiarities of rural dialects to a discussion of the proposal to create a national park in the Scottish highlands. In his regular commentary the editor, J. W. Robertson Scott, notes the interesting fact, among a hundred others, that Stafford Cripps, a subscriber from the first issue, carries his heavy work "as a parliamentarian, a distinguished counsel, and a constant political speaker" on two meals a day of uncooked food. He is also a teetotaler. But perhaps the most piquant item in the *Countryman* this quarter is the following:

> **The Air Raid Warden, having distributed gas masks in a village, paid a visit to a recipient to see if her mask was being treated properly, and found her wearing it as she sat peeling onions!**

Country life, 1939!

MARGARET MARSHALL

Twenty Years After

WOODROW WILSON: LIFE AND LETTERS. By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday, Doran and Company. Volume VII. $5.

MEMOIRS OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE. By David Lloyd George. Yale University Press. Two Volumes. $10.

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1937. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford University Press. Two Volumes. $17.50.

ON APRIL 6, 1917, the United States entered the World War. At the center of American efforts, and a year and a half later at the center of the world's attention, stood Woodrow Wilson. His personality—his great vision based upon the American moral tradition and his personal short-

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comings on the American political stage—did much to decide, if not the issue of the World War, at least the issue of the years following the World War. The seventh volume of Mr. Baker's great biography of Woodrow Wilson deals with the first eleven months of American participation in the war and with Woodrow Wilson as war leader. It is less a book than a collection of documents, letters, and excerpts from diaries, with connecting text. The editor supplies the necessary background but nowhere intrudes; he presents the material with a completeness not to be found elsewhere and leaves the judgment to the reader. The impression gained is of the intense immersion of Wilson in his work, his incessant but self-centered toil, his clear discernment of the fundamental issues involved in the war, a war of principles, and at the same time his great attention to the slightest details of management at home and in the field. It should be interesting to note that the plan for the League of Nations did not originate with Woodrow Wilson. A British committee under Lord Bryce had drafted in May, 1917, a proposal for a League to Enforce Peace, and Wilson although indorsing "the general idea of the league" was opposed to any too definite program for it. The French Chamber of Deputies was the first representative body to indorse, in June, 1917, "durable guaranties for peace and independence for peoples great and small in a League of Nations." Wilson never lost the expectation that after victory a great opportunity and duty would present itself for the creation of a society of nations, but he did not evolve a definite scheme for it.

After the victory, when the Peace Conference met, the idea of the League of Nations played a great role. The story of the Peace Conference has been told frequently, but when a man like Lloyd George, one of the Big Three, tells it once more, he certainly has the right to expect that we shall listen attentively. His memoirs are perhaps not a great book—they lack for that the necessary depth of perspective and cogency of style—but they should be read by everyone who wishes to discuss the peace treaties. The two volumes are again largely a collection of documents, but here the editor is constantly in the foreground and tries to evaluate the material. In a way the book is a lively and forceful apology for the peace treaties and for the role which Lloyd George played. The book portrays faithfully the personality of the author. Needless to say, every reader will disagree with at least some of Lloyd George's statements and judgments. His personal likes and dislikes influence his opinions. He was a very great friend of the Greeks and Italians, and he was very much less friendly toward the Turks, the Poles, and the Czechs. (President Wilson on the other hand was very friendly toward the Poles and much more critical of the Italians.) But in spite of his lack of sympathy with the Poles, Lloyd George presents an excellent case for the Polish Corridor. He speaks with the highest esteem of Clemenceau, whom he apparently liked much better than he did Wilson. The Father of the Victory was the first of the three statesmen to disappear from the public stage. But Clemenceau clearly foresaw the dangers inherent in the concessions which he made to Lloyd George on the question of security for France. He wrote on March 26, 1919:

> The result will be either a confederation of Eastern and Central Europe under the domination of a Bolshevik Germany or the enslavement of the same countries by a reactionary Germany, thanks to the general anarchy. In both cases, the Allies will have lost the war. . . . In view of German mentality, it is not sure that justice is conceived by the Germans as it is conceived by the Allies.

Lloyd George proudly points out that the treaties of Versailles were probably the first peace treaties which brought about democracy everywhere, the great progress of the working class throughout the world, the liberation of many oppressed nationalities, the protection of minorities, and the establishment of a society of nations to insure the equality of strong and weak, the rule of international law, and a machinery for peaceful adjustments.

> The failure of a great deal of what is best and noblest in the treaties has been entirely due to the fact that there has been no will-power or steady resolve behind the execution and that all the democratic countries were equally to blame for this exhibition of ineptitude and nervelessness. All of us [the Big Three] would be equally shocked at the spectacle of the great democratic countries, which in 1919 commanded universal respect and exercised almost irresistible sway on the destinies of nations, now shivering and begging for peace on the doorsteps of two European dictators.

The first nation to desert the common purpose, thereby dealing a death-blow to the spirit of democracy in international affairs, was the United States. And it was almost entirely because of the personal shortcomings of President Wilson in dealing with opposition in the Senate that this immense tragedy, his personal tragedy and a world tragedy at the same time, could happen. That the war did not make the world safe for democracy is perhaps less the fault of the peace treaties than of the failure of the peace treaties and the League of Nations to establish security for France (the two treaties of security between France and the United States and Great Britain which were offered to France in exchange for the Rhine frontier were never validated) and of the disunion among the democracies. Had the three great democracies remained united, had they not, all three of them, returned to an isolation of self-interest and mutual jealousy, fascism would never have become a world danger. Clemenceau and Lloyd George wrote on April 23, 1919:

> The hope that sustained us in the perilous years of war was that victory would bring with it, not merely the defeat of Germany, but the final discredit of the ideals in which Germany had placed her trust. On the other hand Germany felt sure that the union of her enemies would never survive their triumph. She based her schemes no longer on the conquest of Europe, but on its political and perhaps also on its social disintegration.

Twenty years later German hopes for a complete reversal of the outcome of the war and for a political and social disintegration of Europe had been fulfilled. Force, chaos, and fear ruled Europe much more than at any time before. The international relations of each of these twenty years have been told with accuracy and distinction in the volumes of the Survey of International Affairs, for which we are indebted to Arnold J. Toynbee. The survey for 1937 is divided into two volumes of which the second deals entirely with the war in Spain. Toynbee quotes a word spoken by the French Foreign Minister, Delbos, at Bucharest on December 9, 1937:

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"L'égoisme est une erreur de jugement autant qu'une défaillance du coeur." Of this egoism, which we call isolationism or national self-interest and which is the backbone of fascist ideology, human civilization is perishing today. The fifty pages which Toynbee devotes to the breakdown of the League of Nations and to the anti-Comintern triangle set forth the present situation in a moving and somber picture. The defeat of all the post-war hopes of establishing a world order has resulted in a new League of Nations under Germany's leadership. This anti-Comintern triangle has established itself as a policeman of the world against revolution, understanding by this word not only communism but all forms of liberalism and democracy. It could do it only because the democracies shrank from the duty of policing the world in the name and interest of democracy.

> It may be noted that, in making this claim to exercise a world-wide police power, the "Triangle" went far farther than the League, which never sought to put a constraint upon states save in the single eventuality of their committing aggression against their neighbors—whereas the "Triangle" powers, who in one breath were denouncing the League for its insufferable meddlesomeness, were in the next breath arrogating to themselves a title to interfere, at their own discretion and *manu militari*, in their neighbors' internal affairs.

On account of the pusillanimity of the democracies and their isolationism the League of Nations did not succeed in making the world safe for peace and democracy. Cooperation among the fascist powers has succeeded in making the world safe for aggression. As Toynbee points out, the democratic and pacific powers were moved by the spectacle of international anarchy not to try to put an end to it but simply to try to keep out of it. They hoped that the three great fascist powers would turn only against smaller countries, but they overlooked the fact that the conquest of smaller countries might put the key to world power into the hands of the Triangle. "The pacific powers went far along the road toward collusion with the predatory powers in a tacit policy of keeping the peace between all great powers by licensing aggression at the expense of weaker third parties"; but it is doubtful whether this isolationist attitude will not bring about an infinitely more dangerous situation for the United States, Great Britain, and France than that which would have resulted if they had not yielded to the common human impulse to flinch from a danger instead of grappling with it.

HANS KOHN

Program for the New Deal

JOBS FOR ALL. By Mordecai Ezekiel. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

LAST fall the automobile industry got its confidence back in public, indeed on the first pages of the newspapers. Tens of thousands of men were being put back to work, and automobile production was to boom. The steel industry, for one, took the automobile companies at their word and speeded up production. It expected to see the steel rate at 70 per cent of capacity by March 1, even though it was actually overproducing at 55 to 60 per cent in November while waiting for orders from Detroit. But April 1 is here, automobile production has not yet risen to what it was in November, and the steel rate is still at 55 per cent and still running ahead of consumption. The inner circle of our biggest managements has again outsmarted itself. Steel production is being curtailed, and the automobile outlook has turned bad, for cars can't be sold at a hundred-thousand-a-week clip when Pittsburgh stagnates.

This is what Mordecai Ezekiel's new book is about. When management guesses wrong, production dries up. This is bad for capital, but it is much worse for America as a nation. Recession has followed recovery too quickly to let purchasing power rise high enough to stimulate sustained production and so to assure sustained employment. The result of this uncertainty, at an inadequate level of income, is visible in the political uneasiness of the country. Sure, the people want democracy, but first of all they want jobs. And they are disposed to judge the New Deal by its success or failure in getting them jobs.

Ezekiel has written a straightforward and altogether admirable exposition of what could be done by this democracy if it could organize its resources. He outlines a simple, effective schedule for each economic front—railroads, utilities, housing, land reclamation, and particularly government spending—a schedule which the Administration could follow if it would simply use powers it already has, and if it would only make up its mind that conditions will not get better by themselves.

It may be that Ezekiel's plea for planning will be regarded as an attempt to revive the NRA. It has been charged recently, in *The Nation* and elsewhere, that a section of the New Deal would like to revive the Blue Eagle. This is certainly not true of Ezekiel, nor is it true of Jerome Frank, Leon Henderson, or any proper New Dealers this reviewer knows about. For the NRA was essentially an instrument to curtail production and to enable industry to trade a minimum of goods for a maximum of dollars. Ezekiel and his colleagues want to expand production, and simultaneously expand consumption so that the increased volume of goods available can be sold and enjoyed. Ezekiel's proposal is this: if, beginning tomorrow, every industry knew that a concerted effort would be made to raise the national income by, say, 15 per cent; if, therefore, every industry jacked up its production schedule by 15 per cent; if raw-material and credit commitments rose at the same rate; if prices stimulated instead of discouraged consumption; then pay rolls and purchasing power generally would rise enough to absorb the increased output. As insurance for industry against overproduction, he would have the government offer to buy up whatever surplus remained; as long as consumption increased as fast as production, this guaranty would simply foster confidence, like the FHA's guaranty to make good on residential mortgages, few of which have gone into default.

Now it may be that business will continue to cut its own throat by trying to cut those of its suppliers and customers. Perhaps Christian Science resolutions are not enough. But if this is the case, Ezekiel is doubly right. For if double-crossing is the rule, the economy can't run by itself any more, as it has in the past and as the New Deal has so far assumed that it could in the future. In that case, men like Leon Henderson, who in the fateful spring of 1937 were warning against the

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price and overproduction booms, have all along been on the right track. For if Ezekiel is naive and reason won't work, the tactic of expose-the-culprit-and-appeal-to-the-people is the only one that remains. But whether or not the Administration attempts to put Ezekiel's precise scheme to work, his book outlines a program for the Administration which by 1940 could begin to show the results that must be achieved if the New Deal is to survive. ELIOT JANEWAY

The Imperfect Wagnerites

THE YOUNG COSIMA. By Henry Handel Richardson. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

THE three tragic novels that form "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony" are a noble and isolated achievement in the fiction of this century. They play no part in the experiments or artistic advances of the modern novel. Their force is simpler, hardier, and more violent than aesthetic originality usually allows. Their success is that of a quite flawless sincerity and compassion in tracing, upon the desperate stage of pioneer Australia, the defeat of a soul worthy of his classic destiny and comparable to the somber heroes of Hardy and Conrad. "Maurice Guest," an earlier novel by Henry Handel Richardson, showed the same exhaustive sense of tragic experience but in the narrower terms of a musician's love story. It set its tale of another confounded soul against the old German world of music study in Leipzig, and combined lyric emotion with a rough domestic substance in a way that recalled the heady naturalism of Fontane and Sudermann. Both these books show an undistracted power that makes any other work of their author notable. Now, after a ten-year interval, "The Young Cosima" will attract everyone who considers "Maurice Guest" a masterpiece of the life of music and "Richard Mahony" a tragedy of personal destiny rich both in portraying the fatality of a sensitive nature and in dramatizing the forces of human aggression and courage.

The new novel is obviously not the equal of its predecessors. Its characters, the Titans of the age of Wagner, remain the shadowy, half-legendary, and sentimental forms that hover behind published letters and concert programs. The action—covering Cosima Lizst's betrothal to Hans von Bülow, her troubled marriage, her infatuation with the aging Wagner, and her desertion of her husband in the thick of his battle for Wagner's music to join the master at Triebschen—is a sequence of domestic and musical clashes wherein a princely, arrogant, and half-hysterical bohemianism struggles against the musical and commercial politics of Germany. It seldom allows its characters to take on the psychological reality they require; its dialogue and atmosphere show alternately an awkward style that reads like a translation from German and the lush inflation common to novels about genius. Miss Richardson has reconstructed the drama of Wagner's circle with care; her use of great funds of published correspondence (her "Sources and Authorities" show twenty-eight titles) assures the authenticity of her dialogue and episodes; the candid, unaesthetic honesty of her other novels is apparent; but she has been partly cowed by her material, partly won over to an unguarded use of the sentimentalism latent in her other books but curbed there by her strong sense of fact, of human absurdity, and of physical struggle. Without these correctives the flaring careers of Lizst, Wagner, and Cosima show a flamboyance that too much resembles the popular conception of their doings, enervates their speeches, and never really conveys a serious sense of the music they were creating or the artistic revolution they led.

These are defects unavoidable by any reader who respects the full quality of Richardson. They are accompanied, it is true, by traces and episodes that give "The Young Cosima" a distinction above ordinary novels: by a certain capture of the domestic fatuity that hedged in the Wagner circle even in its moments of boldest defiance; by several scenes of dramatic charm—for one, the first hearing of "Tristan," with Cosima and Wagner in the darkened box; by a sketching in of the artist's conflict with society that hints of the use made of that theme by other modern novelists; and by a simple pathos in portraying the awakening of Cosima from her girlish discontents and reveries to her knowledge of fierce energies in the music and the men around her and thus to the extraordinary destiny that confronted her and finally made her the matriarch of German music—the ancient woman glimpsed by travelers up to a few years ago, reigning on her throne at Bayreuth. To name these virtues is to say that each of them demands strengthening to make "The Young Cosima" live up to the possibilities of its theme, its cast of characters, and its underlying conflict. The old-fashioned sobriety substituted for them is no match for the history evoked by the great names, who remain too much the customary puppets of artist's-life dramas. Henry Handel Richardson's honesty of writing and passion for music are not to be confused with the usual commodities of fiction, but they never receive full justice in this comparatively slight display of her talents. MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

The Making of America

AMERICAN SAGA. By Marjorie Barstow Greenbie. Whittlesey House. $4.

IF OUR country, in the last decade, has suddenly grown as pedigree-conscious as a newly rich bathtub manufacturer's wife, that is all to the good. There is gold in those historical hills, much more gold than any one book, or any dozen books, can cart away. Perhaps our history constitutes the last American frontier, the last of our public resources that are still free to anyone willing to do some good honest digging; and Mrs. Greenbie has staked out her claim as the "history and literature of the American dream of a better life." The result, "American Saga," is much fuller of action, much less formidable, than this subtitle suggests.

What is "the better life"? Here is the author's own definition: "By better living I mean just what the average person coming to America meant—better houses, land of his own, money in the bank, a little fun, some leisure, ladies who were easy to look at, children who might grow up to some education and a better chance, safety in his own home and possessions, and peace with his neighbor." This sounds a good deal like what Ruskin called the worship of the Goddess of Getting-on, and it hardly does justice to Mrs. Greenbie's subject, which includes not merely the story of the exploiting

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of our natural resources but a panorama of the spirit of the many diverse groups who have poured their blood and energy into the veins of our great sprawling country.

From a mountainous pile of first-hand sources—letters, diaries, official reports, folk-songs—Mrs. Greenbie has panned out the gleaming particles that tell the story of the people: simple, spontaneous reactions of first-comers to lands they meant to make their own, or to abuses they meant to set right. These materials have always been available to historians, but the general public for the most part has been content with a polished-up summary of the larger events and movements of our national past, not realizing, perhaps not caring until recently, how exciting were the original documents, vigorous and human, not written for historians at all.

There is bound to be much duplication of material in books of this kind, but each fresh approach, so long as it sticks to the facts, marks a healthy increase in national self-confidence. When a country is in its infancy it has to be nursed on prepared foods, on sugar-coated legends of cherry trees and midnight rides, with all gristle removed; in petulant adolescence it goes in exclusively for the peppery sauces of the debunkers, taking a morbid pleasure in setting its own teeth on edge; when it grows up it takes on a more rugged diet, of good red meat and roughage. This book is solid stuff, well prepared, and a valuable addition to the fast-growing shelf of Americana.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Shorter Notices

THE LAND IS BRIGHT. By Archie Binns. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The American Western hegira is one of the great adventure stories of history. Year after year, mile after mile, state after state, the noses of the lead oxen of one Conestoga wagon close to the tailboard of the wagon ahead, they came, first in hundreds, later in hundreds of thousands. Men, women, children, babies, dogs, horses, cattle, they pushed on over the plains to Iowa and Minnesota, over the mountains to California and Oregon. Everybody was going West to find the promised land, to find good farms, happy days, plenty for man and beast. Most of the pioneers found less than they expected; a good many did not even reach their destination. One of the most affecting episodes in Mr. Binns's story of the Oregon Trail in 1850 is the grim, perfectly silent caravan of women—*going East.* Some of them walked beside the wagons, some rode the few horses they had; none looked to right or left, or spoke to the westward-bound people they passed every day. Their men had all died on the route; they were turned around now, going home. With a superb background like this, Mr. Binns could hardly have failed to write an interesting story. But it would take a master of fiction to invent individual characters who would do justice to such a scene. Mr. Binns is merely a good, lively story-teller who has chosen great drama for his subject and treats it adequately.

MARGINAL LAND. By Horace Kramer. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

The average author of back-to-the-soil novels is either afraid of humor or lacks the sense of it entirely; the fruition of

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crops, he feels, is like childbirth, a groaning labor. In this first novel by Horace Kramer the struggle of a man against the poor "marginal lands" of one of the Dakotas—which one is not made clear—is shown dramatically without any false pathos. Steve Randall, ill, city-bred, sensitive, attacked the stubborn earth which he inherited and finally made it pay him in live stock, after drought and fire and frost had proved to him that wheat could not be forced to grow, and that old Voorhees was right to disdain those who tried to "raise bread on meat land." But it was a bitter struggle aggravated by a wife who could not adapt herself and by the hostile natives. The winters were so cold that the servant, Joe—who could "unravel a man like a sock"—had to take the new-born colts to bed with him lest they freeze, and the summers were so wet that the Germans living in sod hovels were flooded out. The passions of men and women were equally variable, but Mrs. Moses, the "beneficent hurricane," old Hendershot, who fiercely raised raspberries, and the farm girl, Trina, who married Randall after his wife's defection and brought Grandpap as her champion dowry, all helped to shape the "dude." The book is swiftly styled, facile but sure in its characterization, and filled with a robust sympathy for both the man and the thwarted, eager earth.

DRAMA

Miss Hepburn Pays Up

MISS KATHERINE HEPBURN is an actress who seems to have reversed that order of procedure which is usual in the theater if not in commercial transactions. She acquired a reputation upon the smallest of down payments and then, like the honest debtor she is, set about the unpleasant business of earning the fame she already enjoyed. There were times when she seemed to others, as she certainly did to me, a very bad risk indeed. There were also times when the dear public was disposed to adopt an attitude unpleasantly like that of an instalment collector who is just about to sue. But at the Shubert Theater Miss Hepburn is now giving a performance which comes pretty near to canceling all her accumulated arrears. She is exhibiting a flexibility and variety of which I, at least, hardly believed her capable, and if I were inclined to be ribald I should probably exclaim: "Three more payments, Miss Hepburn, and the reputation is yours."

But "The Philadelphia Story," as the play is called, is noteworthy for much more than the opportunity it presents to an ambitious actress. For one thing the Theater Guild has a success at last—a play which would undoubtedly run a season through if this were not, as it undoubtedly is, the first of April. What is, however, still more important is the fact that here, at last, is something which looks very pleasantly like the comedy which its author, Philip Barry, was trying to write more than ten years ago in the days when he was generally regarded as the ablest as well as the most promising of our high-comedy writers. An audience on pleasure bent will probably find "The Philadelphia Story" polite fun rather

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more than ordinarily delightful for reasons not immediately apparent. But it has, I think, a flavor all its own which distinguishes it significantly from any of the drawing-room comedies it superficially resembles.

Mr. Barry has concocted a plot which involves the marital misadventures of the almost too charming daughter of one of the best of good families. He has added a female photographer who goes in the company of a writer for a magazine not too heavily disguised under the name of *Destiny,* and thus he has produced a scenario which might easily serve as the basis for a raucous farce neither particularly original nor particularly significant. But one gets something very different from what this description would suggest—an almost exquisitely delicate treatment of situations and themes which would tempt almost any other writer into easy extravagance.

The piece has, I suppose, at least two themes. One is concerned with the daughter, superficially spoiled but fundamentally decent, who comes to her senses when three different men let her see how a kind of spiritual pride has made her incapable of the kind of human relationship she really desires. The other theme, which runs just below the surface, involves the subtler aspects of that great truth which W. S. Gilbert stated so bluntly when he announced that the neighborhood of Seven Dials had no monopoly on hearts that are pure and fair. But neither of these themes is, I think, the main concern of a play which is struggling to illustrate in terms of character and situation what is meant by such words, at once cold and elusive, as refinement and integrity and decency of soul. Any attempt to define any one of them is likely, as Mr. Barry must know from experience, to end in the prescription of a rigid code or, by implication at least, in giving a false importance to mere fashion and the *mores* of a fashionable class. To me it has always seemed the great defect of his earlier comedies that the fine line between decency and priggishness and the equally fine line between refinement of feeling and mere familiarity with what is being said and done this season was not really drawn. I have, in fact, accused Mr. Barry of not making the distinction himself; but the failure was perhaps a failure not of feeling but of expression. "The Philadelphia Story" seems to me to do successfully exactly what "Holiday," for example, failed to accomplish. Certain of its characters are "nice people" and certain are not. But for once that vulgar phrase seems to have a real meaning.

You may now take your choice between "The Swing Mikado" offered by the Federal Theater and "The Hot Mikado" more recently produced at the Broadhurst. The great virtue of the latter is Bill Robinson, who can still dance miraculously even though the relation of his performance to Mr. Gilbert's libretto is very remote indeed. In general "The Hot Mikado" is slicker and rather better sung than its predecessor, but it is also less hilariously a lark.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Next Week in The Nation

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MUSIC

ONE of the bad results of concert-giving as practiced by the Hofmanns among pianists, violinists, and conductors is that it deprives us of experience of a great deal of valuable music which they do not get around to performing. Our virtuoso pianist, that is, has no interest in music to work against the inertia, the laziness, and the competitive spirit that lead him to improve his performance of the Beethoven sonata which he already knows and which all of his competitors play rather than to learn another sonata. And this is true of the virtuoso conductor—even of a conductor as enterprising as Koussevitzky. Examine Koussevitzky's programs and you will find that his enterprise shows itself almost entirely in the playing of contemporary works. In the established repertory you will find that, preferring to devote rehearsal time to such famous and triumphant matters as his performances of "Pictures at an Exhibition" and the "Daphnis and Chloë" Suite and Sibelius's Symphony No. 2, he is led to repeat an old Haydn symphony instead of giving a new one, and to give no performance at all of the rarely heard Sibelius No. 6; and that he ends by going over the same limited ground year after year—much the same limited ground as all conductors go over year after year.

To those of us who depend on performance for our knowledge of music the result is the loss of a number of great works. Haydn's London symphonies are discussed in the program notes every time the "Surprise" or the "Clock" Symphony is played; but No. 104, which Tovey considers the greatest of Haydn's instrumental works, I heard played for the first time a year ago, and several others of the London group I have never heard played at all; nor have I ever heard at least a dozen of Haydn's clavier sonatas that are superb works. I began to attend concerts in 1914 but did not hear Mozart's Piano Concerto K. 467 until 1934, his K. 595 until 1936, his K. 491 and K. 271 until 1937; Webster Aitken's recent performance of K. 450 with the National Orchestral Association was the first I had heard since 1922; and I have yet to hear a performance of K. 453.

A new development is the series of concerts devoted to intensive exploration of certain sections of the literature. And the series in which Schnabel played all of Beethoven's piano sonatas, the one in which Aitken played the major piano sonatas of Schubert, the two offered by the League of Music-Lovers at the Y. M. H. A. in which the Budapest String Quartet played all the quartets of Beethoven and the major quartets of Mozart—these were excellent, since they offered great music superbly performed and a compact experience of each composer's achievement in the medium, an achievement sufficiently rich and varied for the experience not to become monotonous. Even the League of Music Lovers' series at Town Hall, which merely offered the Budapest Quartet in a number of the best-known works of the chamber-music literature, was justified by performances that made things like Schubert's Quartets Opus 161 and "Death and the Maiden" and Mozart's G minor Quintet the experiences of a lifetime. (Benny Goodman's playing in Mozart's Clarinet Quintet revealed that in the time since the recorded performance he had grown sufficiently at home in the music to phrase it. A little less susceptibility to the questionable enthusiasm of the hangers-on a year or two ago, and there would now be a better recording of the quintet.)

On the other hand the various series of the New Friends of Music have suffered from lack of the musical judgment that could distinguish between an unfamiliar masterpiece like Schubert's Trio Opus 100 and a work like his early String Trio that deserved its obscurity, or between a brilliant harpsichordist like Ernst Victor Wolff and a mediocre one and inept ensemble player like Yella Pessl. This season, for example, the Friends too offered all the quartets of Beethoven but had them played by the Kolisch Quartet, which has played Mozart very well but has repeatedly demonstrated its inability to rise to the stature of Beethoven's works in this medium, and which demonstrated this again with its small-scale, mannered performances. Again, at four concerts the Friends demonstrated that three string quartets of Haydn are too many for one concert when they are heard in performances as scratchy as the Stradivarius Quartet's or as unprecedentedly out of tune as the Pro Arte's. Only the Budapest Quartet justified the Friends' procedure with performances that revealed all there is in Haydn's quartets—the richness and subtlety of feeling expressed in richness and subtlety of technical device.

What is in the quartets is in the symphonies—among others the unfamiliar Esterhaz and Paris symphonies, which the Friends did well to have its new little orchestra play. In each there is a living thought, activated by living emotion, that

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assumes constantly fresh forms; in the Bach Concertos for two and three claviers and many of the Suites and Brandenburg Concertos which the orchestra played one hears a mechanical progression by formula (the Concerto for four claviers retains the characteristic loveliness of the Vivaldi Concerto from which it is derived). And in the rigorous style which Fritz Stiedry adopted for Bach he did not produce, even in the charming B minor Suite, anything as warm and dynamically alive as he made of each of the more flexibly handled Haydn symphonies. Moreover, though it may have been because he was dealing with young players only newly disciplined as a group that Stiedry held them so tightly in hand and drove them so hard, nevertheless the result was strain that made itself felt even in the flexibly phrased music of Haydn, and heard in the tone of the orchestra. Max Goberman is a talented youngster without Stiedry's knowledge and experience; the two concerts of his New York Sinfonietta at Washington Irving High School were given with considerably fewer rehearsals than those of the Friends; but he produced fine sonorities largely because of the relaxed ease that he created in the group by the relaxed ease in his handling of it. The announced purpose of his concerts was to broaden the repertory—which they did with a few works I was glad to hear and a few others I would have been as glad not to.

There is not much point in a special piano-concerto series like the National Orchestral Association's which presents the familiar concertos of Brahms and Schumann and the deservedly unfamiliar Mendelssohn G minor. The concerts did, however, demonstrate that Leon Barzin's technical equipment and musical taste make him quite the finest of the younger conductors now on the scene.

B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

IN HIS newest picture, "Alexander Nevsky" (Sosfilm), Sergei Eisenstein, the famous director of "Potemkin" and the fragmentary but unforgettable film about Mexico, appears to be limited to his excellent abilities as a movie technician. After a preview of "Alexander Nevsky" Stalin slapped Eisenstein on the back and called him "a good Bolshevik." The events which led up to this cordial Kremlin scene, as reported by the professional apologists of the Russian Thermidor, reveal that Eisenstein has been *gleichgeschaltet,* subordinated to the orders of the monolithic state.

On March 17, 1937, when the liquidation of the Old Bolsheviks was in full swing, the Central Administration of the Photo-Cinema Industry of the U. S. S. R. stopped the production of the picture "Benzhin Mendow," on which Eisenstein was at work. The film had a contemporary and highly controversial theme—collectivization and the opposition met by this *tour de force.* But Eisenstein, so argued his administrative superiors and artistic inferiors, was not up to date in dealing with this vital problem. "His conception of the social forces involved was fundamentally fallacious, he resorted, instead of learning from life, to far-fetched symbolism, didacticism, schematization, scholastic profundities, and harmful formalistic exercises"—whatever all this may mean.

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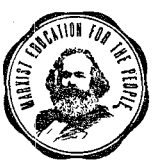

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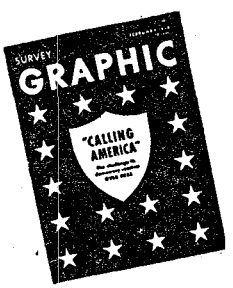

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Eisenstein, of course, "agreed with many criticisms" and confessed to "having been possessed by the intellectual's illusion that revolutionary work could be done individually in segregation from the collective"—forgetting that much revolutionary work has been done, especially in art, in exactly this forbidden manner. After this he received profound advice: "Only by starting with man, for man, and in the name of man is it possible to work in our art." He swallowed the hollow phrase, which sounds like Silone's Professor Pickup, and "went to the country to rest and reexamine his past." After his return he "immediately" started to work and produced, it seems immediately, a masterpiece—so the Soviet critics say unanimously. He received in Moscow the Order of Lenin and in New York the four stars of the *Daily News*.

The story of "Alexander Nevsky" is a vision of a future war between Russia and Germany in the costumes of the thirteenth century. German Templars—white coats, red crosses—invade Russia from the west; Mongols from the east. The rich merchants of Novgorod plot surrender. The common people want to resist but are unable to do so without a leader. They find him in the person of Prince Nevsky, who promptly beats the Germans in a terrific battle on a frozen lake. To this political-military action some byplay is added. Two subordinate leaders, the one blond and jolly, the other a dark-haired, rather melancholy expert with the battle-ax, fall in love with the same girl. She likes them both and escapes the pains of choice by deciding to marry the braver. A draw threatens to complicate the situation, but a superficial happy ending is easily reached.

This framework contains two long mass sequences: first, the helpless common people shouting for a leader, a scene any dictator would enjoy; second, the battle—first-class Hollywood with touches of Sternberg and Stroheim. Though we are not left in doubt about the outcome, suspense is achieved through the machine-like advance of the German army. The constructed historical parallel—Templars=Nazis, Nevsky=Stalin—is labored but effectively driven home. Nevsky has a very winning and simple personality: he is a patriotic hero and nothing else. The German members of the nobility class, if it is proper to use in this connection a Marxist term, are on the other hand cruel villains and nothing else. The style of characterization throughout is operatic. One expects Nevsky to sing his unfailing orders.

"Alexander Nevsky" is primitive patriotic propaganda—we are good, the enemy is bad. With a simple change in costume and locale—instead of the Templars, Roman legionaries, instead of the frozen lake near Novgorod, the swamps of the Teutoburg forest—it would be a perfect Nazi picture. It has nothing whatever to do with "revolutionary art." It is not proof of Eisenstein's resurgence but of his suppression.

"Concentration Camp" (Amkino) pictures the life and martyrdom of the German underground workers. It reaches occasionally the dramatic impact of "Professor Mamlock," though it lacks the moving central story which characterized the Wolf picture. The Nazis and their brutalities are again portrayed with frightening realism. Excellent is the factory scene in which the workers interrupt the speech of the *Arbeitsfront* official and take a strike vote in the face of the threatening terror.

FRANZ HOELLERING

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Letters to the Editors

Mr. Frank Protests

Dear Sirs: In your issue dated March 18, 1939, you wrote an editorial referring to a colloquy before TNEC on March 8, and criticizing me for extempore views I there expressed on the subject of monopoly. On March 18, I wrote you a letter attempting to answer your editorial. Instead of publishing my letter, you published another editorial in your issue dated March 25, replying in part to what I said in my unpublished letter but without mentioning it. Only then did you write to ask me whether I wished you to publish my letter as it stood or as I might revise it to cover your second editorial. My answer is no. The manner in which you dealt with my letter of March 18 does not seem to me to be altogether cricket. And the press of official duties leaves me no time to revise it adequately.

Your editorials asserted that I am a liberal; that "liberals never learn" how to cope with monopoly; and that I seek to "revive NRA" and consider it *the* method to be used in dealing with monopolies. The gross error of your editorial comments about my views concerning NRA will be manifest to anyone who cares to read the transcript of the session of TNEC for March 8, 1939 (instead of the single sentence quoted by you, torn from its context), or my recent book, "Save America First."

He will also see from my book why I do not agree with you that the government should acquire every industry in which "a monopoly" is present. I have time to say here merely the following on that point: There is a sort of economic spectrum with shadings from full competition on the one end to full monopoly on the other. A condition prevails in many industries which does not fit the conventional descriptions of either "monopoly" or "competition." Monopoly is often found mixed with competition; the respective proportion of each varies from industry to industry. That is, there are many industries in which complete competition does not exist, but in which, at the same time, full-fledged monopoly is absent. In some of them the restoration and perpetuation of full competition seem both possible and desirable, while in others that may not be possible, or, even if possible, may not be socially desirable (as in the case of some of our major mass-production industries) from the point of view of *constantly increasing production and lowering prices.* What should be done to procure such socially desirable results in the several differing areas of industry is a difficult question requiring a careful scrutiny of all the pertinent facts.

You refuse to bother about such complexities. According to your oversimplified analysis, in any given industry there is either "competition" or "a monopoly." Consequently if in any industry there is now an absence of old-fashioned competition (that is, if "monopolistic competition" is found), you would say that "a monopoly" exists. But today there is "a monopoly," *in that sense,* in virtually all our mass-production industries. Since, then, you urge that there should be government ownership wherever "a monopoly" occurs, it follows that *you are advocating government ownership of all our mass-production industries.*

In my book I invited anti-liberals (such as you) to consider whether a vigorous attempt to carry out such a program would not precipitate another American civil war which would probably lead to the destruction of our democracy, with victory going to a fascist dictatorship, at least for a time.

Seemingly simple social programs are, indeed, often very complex; if an effort is made to apply them, they will often provoke reactions yielding socially harmful complications unforeseen by the sponsors of the programs—as, for instance, Marxism led to Nazism. Any economic program, to be effective, must jibe with our national customs and ideas —including the strong belief of the great majority of Americans in the desirability of preserving the profit system.

Those who suggest devices to solve our grave problems should reckon with such complexities, else they may destroy our profit system, and with it our democracy, the two being intertwined. To think in those terms is less easy than the lazy, dogmatic, "black or white," "either/or" method you employ. The willingness not to be lazy in studying complicated social and economic facts, and the constant desire to indulge in hard, realistic thinking before glibly writing about such facts, is, to my mind, the chief virtue of the true liberal. Apparently you consider it a vice.

JEROME FRANK

Washington, March 30

P. S. By the way, since one of your editorials, in effect, denies that your editors are "liberals," just what do you call yourselves?

[We will discuss editorially in our next issue the fundamental questions raised by Mr. Frank. His first letter was received on March 20. The magazine went to press on March 21. It never occurred to us that Mr. Frank could possibly see anything "not altogether cricket" in our failure to tear up the letter pages the day before going to press in order to publish his communication. As for our editorial in the issue of March 25, it was not in any degree a reply to Mr. Frank's unpublished letter; in fact, it had been written and put into type before that letter was received. Our suggestion that he answer both editorial comments was intended as a courtesy.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

South Africa Speaks

Dear Sirs: It was with a deal of trepidation that I entered my name as a subscriber to your paper several months back—most of the rafts to which I have clung in the past having become either waterlogged or transformed into pirate junks—and I must now tell you how delighted I am. I am a middle-aged South African, half Boer, and for most of my life looked to England as the chief guarantor of the survival of democracy. I do so no longer. I realize that you, and those who think with you, have a tremendous task ahead against powerful forces of reaction in the United States, but there is hope in your growing strength and unity, and in a predominant social conscience which, I feel sure, could never tolerate for long the heartless intrigues of a Chamberlain. Most informed South Africans are convinced that Britain is slithering helplessly on the downward slope to fascism in the company of its inglorious satellite, France. We regard anxiously the reaction of your country to the attempted Nazi domination in South America, for we feel that our own fate largely depends on the issue.

Here, too, the bogy is at work, but

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the South African people have too much love of freedom to yield readily to the "white sickness" of dictatorship. Nevertheless, we are a small nation, and with faith in the protective ability of England gone, there exist bewilderment and fear. Curious, isn't it, that the arch-imperialist Chamberlain should in action be such a disrupter of empire!

ERIC A. M. MCDONALD

Johannesburg, South Africa, March 1

100,000 Children in Concentration Camps

Dear Sirs: More than 100,000 Spanish children are now in French concentration camps, having just completed a harrowing trek across the border. Their parents are either dead or in prison.

The Foster Parents' Plan has just established five children's colonies in and around Biarritz, France, where we are caring for all children who have been adopted by American and British foster parents. Upon receipt of a promise to maintain a child for one year at the rate of 30 cents per day, or $9 per month, we immediately take a child from the French concentration camps and place him in one of our colonies. The children range in age from two to fourteen years. Competent educators, French, British, American, assisted by a Spanish staff, try to help the children to forget what they have gone through for the past two and a half years.

We are appealing to all friends of children everywhere to help the children of Spain. Checks may be made payable to the Foster Parents' Plan for Children in Spain, 55 West Forty-second Street.

An international committee composed of the Duchess of Atholl, the Earl of Listowell, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, J. B. Priestley, and Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of President Roosevelt, is sponsoring our work.

ERIC G. MUGGERIDGE,
Executive Secretary

New York, March 30

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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